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JOB PRINTING

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"SHE DOES NOT KNOW CHICKEN FROM TURKEY."

Behold the handsomest girl of her race;
She's an elegant form and an exquisite face,
And she dresses with perfectly consummate grace
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She knows many languages, living and dead;
In science and fiction is very well read,
But she cannot cook meat, and she cannot make bread
And she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can play a "Fantasia" or "Nocturne" with skill;
Can write a good story or sonnet, but still
She doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She's been up the Tiber, the Rhine and the Nile;
She's a painter in every popular style—
Can decorate china, a plaque or a tile—
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She's always self-satisfied, graceful and cool;
A critic, both just and correct, as a rule;
And knows every stitch of the Kensington School,
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can work a design by Lensing or Burt;
But she cannot cut out for her children a skirt,
Or make for her husband a well fitting shirt—
She doesn't know chicken from turkey.

I'm willing a girl should read Latin and Greek;
Should German and French and Italian speak;
And be "up" in the latest æsthetical freak,
If she only knows chicken from turkey.

I'd like her in music and song to take part;
Read poetry, science, and cultivate art,
If husband and children were first in her heart.

And if she knew chicken from turkey—

Knew barley from rice, knew a tart from a pie;
A broil from a stew, a broil from a fry;
And if she went into the market to buy,
Knew very well chicken from turkey.

For, to make a home happy, all knowledge must blend:
Art, science and service their benefits lend:
Then, ladies so clever and wise, condescend
To know about chicken and turkey.

—*Lillie E. Barr, in the Continent.*

An old saying for a poor housewife.

"THE BUG-MAN."

The proverbial straw had broken the metaphorical camel's back. The patience of Charlotte Brantome, usually equal to the exigencies of the occasion, was exhausted. The twins, as a matter of course, were the culprits. They, however, with the complacency natural to boys of six or thereabouts, were indifferent to the tempest of despair which raged in their sister's breast. They had considerately refrained from adding deceit to their guilt, but had confessed, fully and unreservedly, to riding the canary's nest, to tearing a jacket, and losing a hat down the well, to eating the strawberries that were saved for supper, and to letting their most faithful hen with a fish-hook. That fish-hook represented the straw; Charlotte the camel. She could have borne anything better than downright cruelty developed so early in one of her own blood. She never was a boy.

"And a man was here," went on Popsey; "a big man," volunteered Wopsey, the other twin. "And he asked us about everything, and we told our sister wasn't very well and our sister was a old maid school-ma'am."

Charlotte winced. Where had he picked up that expression? And had it come to that?

"You must not talk to strange men about mother or me. What did he want?"

"He wanted to see you."

"Me?" Visions of tramps, of spying burglars, only they had nothing to burgle, as Popsey had said one day, came into her mind.

"How did he look?"

"He was beautiful," "He was dreadful," said the twins in duet.

Further questioning elicited these facts: He was young; he was old; he was short; he was tall; he wore spectacles; he had a mustache, and was a hug-man. In the last and crowning fact the boys agreed.

Practice had made Miss Brantome adroit in child-cynosure, so far as reading the twins' small minds was concerned. She jumped at the conclusion that some wandering naturalist chasing an elusive fly had chanced that way, and gave the subject no more attention. She had other things to think of than "bug-men" or any men, and the problems of how to provide a new hat for Wopsey and how to instill manners into the hearts of her charges drove other thoughts away.

Sitting down on the low doorstep of the house that had been home to her for six and twenty happy years she tried to reason it out. The sun was at high, the days were at their longest. Behind her flowed the tireless river in front of her, across the prairie, the hills were green. In the field of rye over the way gleamed a large white wooden cross. Her grandfather, in whose veins flowed some of the blue blood of France, had bought a home in this Western country when the remnant of an Indian tribe had still property to sell. The deed of sale provided for the preservation of their little burying-ground. The grain grew thick around, but the tiny village of the dead was never disturbed by spade or plow.

Old Pierre, however, had never prospered. Neither did Pierre the younger; and one night, when riding home, his horse shied in the moonlight and threw him with his head against a stone; he left no legacy but the homestead and a debt to his wife and children. There was a gap of twenty years between Charlotte and the twin babies, and she really had a third infant on her hands, for the mother was nothing more useful than that after her husband's death. She was not feeble-minded exactly, but painfully gentle—strange and unaccountable.

Charlotte shouldered her burdens with a brave heart. Her French accent—for Grandfather Brantome's blood had never filtered through Canada—brought her employment in a school in the town near by. The long walks back and forth kept the roses blooming in her cheeks, the boys were good—sometimes—and she, being busy, was happy. It requires leisure to be successfully miserable.

The burying-ground typified to her the "daily martyrdom of private life." And now, looking at it, her heart grew light. The new hat would cost but a trifle. Surely there were more strawberries ripe in the garden, the canary would lay more eggs, the jacket could be mended, and old Speckle had proved superior to the fish-hook.

But what could the boys be screaming about?

"The bug-man! the bug-man!" they were shouting, trotting toward her with all their might on their sandy little feet. It was certainly strange. Why should a stranger call twice? That he should come once was not surprising—but twice?

"We showed him your photograph," said Popsey, "and he said you didn't look like a old maid a bit."

"And he said," went on the other terrible infant without a pause, "wasn't we proud to have such a nice sister he wished he had and he had such a lot of bugs he puts them to sleep with medicine and sticks pins through 'em and he has a gold watch and he let us wind it up and we told him to come again some more and here he is?"

Charlotte was speechless, but in some way she found herself rising to her feet to greet a gentleman who was taking off his hat to her and bowing with a grace which even Grandfather Brantome would have approved.

"Miss Brantome, I believe."

She acquiesced in silence.

"I am gathering materials for an historical work, and was directed to you for information concerning the antiquities of this region. And I might as well say now that I have references and all that sort of thing."

"Then you are not—" She stopped; he smiled.

"No, I am not exactly a bug-man, as these little fellows have called me, although I must plead guilty to a slight leaning in that direction. Yet just now I would joyfully part with the biggest bugs of my collection if in exchange I might examine your grandfather's papers."

He was so gracefully genial that one could no more be absurdly dignified with him than with the golden robin singing on the Indian cross.

"Will you walk in?"

"I will sit out here instead if you will permit me."

So Popsey and Wopsey dragged a chair and then stood motionless and wonder-eyed, listening to the talk of discovery and adventure. They did not understand it very well until the conversation turned to Indian lore. Indians and bears they could comprehend. Then the mother, attracted by a strange voice, drew near the door in her melancholy, wavering way.

"The postmaster's wife thought that La Salle was an Indian chief," Charlotte was saying, "and she had heard of Father Marquette, but supposed him the priest down at La Paz."

"I met a woman the other day who thought a herbarium was a bug," remarked Mr. Duncan. Then they laughed.

But everything comes to an end. The boys began a dumb show behind the stranger's back to indicate to their sister that they were perishing of hunger; so she let the conversation lag in order to end the call. "Come to-morrow and see the papers if you like," she said. "It will be Saturday, and I shall be at home to answer questions."

He thanked her and withdrew, jumping over the rail fence which skirted the field of rye in order to get a near view of the cross, on which not one, but a dozen, golden robins were holding a vesper conclave. And the tea-kettle was soon singing in the Brantome kitchen a song as gay as that of the robins, and Charlotte was not her usual careful self as she picked the strawberries for tea.

"Half of them green," said the disgusted Wopsey. "'Spect she' thinking of the bug-man."

* * * * * *

It certainly was astonishing how much consulting the Brantome manuscripts needed. And, too, Mr. Duncan required so much assistance. It was "Miss Brantome, will you kindly read this list while I copy it?" or, "Miss Charlotte, really I can't make out whether this is an e or an i," all the while. Grandfather Brantome would have begun to inquire as to marriage settlements and Scotch pedigrees had he been alive to see those chestnut locks, innocent of bangs, and that dark mustache in such dangerous proximity. It was the old story—two young heads bending over the same page. No word of love had passed. All was on a strictly business basis, the history of the missions of the Northwest the objective aim.

But at last there was no excuse for lingering longer. The hills across the prairie were red and gold, the robins had fled, and the grain around the little burying-ground cut and stowed away.

Charlotte was walking home as usual. Far away in the road two moving dots appeared, which developed into the twins as they came nearer. Tears were cutting briny furrows down their not very clean cheeks. Hysterical sobs alone came from their mouths as they tried to speak, but finally sisterly intuition eliminated these words from the chaos:

"Mother has runned away! She said she would if we didn't stop pounding and we didn't, and she has runned!"

That poor mother! She had made the same threat a hundred times before, but had been pacified.

"Which way? Tell me quickly," thinking of the river, so tireless and so cruel.

"She runned up the railroad track." No more words were needed. Back of the garden was the branch railway from La Paz. The evening train was nearly due.

Leaving the twins to toddle after as well as they could in their exhausted state she ran. Ran? She flew. The bright invalid shawl was a beacon. Mrs. Brantome sat upon the track, idly playing with some yellow flowers. Charlotte knew her patient well.

"Mother," she said, "it is late, and the boys are calling, and you must feed the chickens."

The mother shook her head. Persuasion was no persuader. Then Charlotte scolded. Alike useless. Then, as a last resort, she used a gentle force. A failure. Sit there and pull those yellow flowers to pieces—that the poor unbalanced woman would do, nothing else. In Heaven's name what was to be done? Those who have had experience know the strength of the insane. The train whistled for the crossing a mile away, and just then, some guardian angel guiding him, James Duncan jumped the fence, a wet handkerchief in his hand.

Blessings upon the medicine which subdued the bugs! It subdued this poor woman in a moment, and he had lifted her out of danger before the train rushed past.

Then he explained. He had been copying the inscription on the Indian's tombstone as the boys went screaming by. He gathered enough from their incoherent words to learn what the matter was. The chloroform idea was simply an inspiration.

"How can I repay you?" asked wet-eyed Charlotte, as the party, boys, mother, and all, were walking back.

"By making over to me Pierre Brantome's manuscripts—and his granddaughter. I can never write the history without her."

"Well," softly, "in the cause of science—perhaps."

And this is how it came to pass that the boys marched up the church aisle before the robins came again with Charlotte and the bug-man.—*Flora L. Stanfield.*

A Mountain Alligator.

William Blackheath, who has just returned from a six-months' sojourn in Arizona, has brought to the Comstock the skin of what he, for want of a better name, calls a Gila monster, but which is evidently that of a saurian of a different species. The skin now measures seven feet from tip to tip, and it has evidently shrunk some inches in drying. Though about the color of an ordinary Gila monster, the reptile is evidently a kind of inland crocodile, or, more properly, cayman, as it had not the webbed feet of the crocodile.

The strange saurian was found in a small valley in the Wheatstone mountains. When alive it stood two feet high, and its body, just back of its fore-legs, was over three feet in circumference. The creature was as savage as a bulldog, and as full of fight as a viper. It was found by the dogs of Mr. Blackheath and partner. When the men arrived at the haunt of the reptile—to which they were attracted by the fierce and peculiar barking of their dogs, three in number—they found that one dog had already been killed and the others were badly cut up and covered with blood. The creature displayed such activity and was so diabolically vicious that the two prospectors feared to go near it, being armed with nothing better than a prospecting pick and a shovel with a short handle.

Finally the thing got one of the dogs by the foreleg, and finding that it held on like a terrier, with no sign of loosing its hold, Mr. Blackheath ran forward and struck his pick into its head. Even then the reptile held on, and it was not until it had been struck several blows with the pole of the pick that its jaws relaxed and it gave up the ghost. When the dog was released it was found that the foreleg had been broken at a point about two inches above the knee.

Mr. Blackheath says he has met with several creatures known as Gila monsters that were two feet and two and a half feet in length, but never before or since saw, or even suspected the existence of one so large as that whose skin he possesses. It was a surprise to all the white men in that section, but some of the Indians asserted that far south in the Sierra Madre mountains they had seen some that were as large or larger.

Unfortunately in flaying the saurian, Mr. Blackheath's only idea was to have the hide tanned and made into boots and gaiters, therefore he did not preserve the feet, otherwise the skin might be stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist. He says the teeth of the creatures were over an inch in length, were sharp as needles, and in shape resembled the teeth of a shark. —*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Progress of the American Metropolis.

In 1771 the population of the city of New York was a little over 21,000; and in 1786, three years after the close of the Revolutionary war, it had 23,614 inhabitants. The several censuses taken during the past 100 years exhibit the marvelously rapid strides which New York has made toward her present imperial position. In 1790, however, the population was little more than it was in 1771; but by 1800 it had risen to 60,515. The remaining censuses are thus given: 1810, 96,373; 1814, 95,518; 1820, 123,706; 1825, 166,086; 1830, 202,589; 1835, 270,089; 1840, 312,710, 1845, 371,223; 1850, 515,547; 1855, 629,906; 1860, 813,669; 1865, 726,386; 1870, 942,292; 1875, 1,041,886, and 1880, 1,206,299. On only two occasions has the enumeration shown a decrease from the figures of the preceding census. The first time was after the war of 1812, and the second after the civil war. The population of New York city has doubled six times within a century—doubling, on an average, once in every seventeen years. In other words, the New York of to-day is sixty-four times as large as the New York of 100 years ago. The rate of increase in the country at large is insignificant beside that of the metropolis. In 100 years the population of the United States has multiplied itself by sixteen; but the population of New York has increased at four times that rate. At the rate of increase shown by the last twenty-five years alone—a rate diminished by the decline of American commerce and the influence of the civil war—there are children now nursing who will behold a New York city containing no less than 10,000,000 inhabitants.

Omaha claims to have the most complete system of waterworks of any city in the West. It has a pumping capacity of nearly 20,000,000 gallons per day, beside two large reservoirs, each of which is capable of holding a two weeks' supply. Something over 20,000,000 gallons of water per day are being used. A new Holly pump nearly as large as a town lot has lately been added.

General Grant's particular oddity in dress is an old-fashioned watch fob

A LAND OF VOLCANOES.

ERUPTIONS WHICH HAVE CHANGED THE FACE OF NATURE.

Java and Its Fiery Mountains Described—A Picturesque Region Subject to Terrible Visitations—Phenomena of the Past.

The straits of Sunda, whose conformation has been so completely and destructively altered by the recent volcanic convulsion, lie between Java and Sumatra, and are the most direct route of communication which eastern traders possess with the northern coast of the former island. Prior to the recollection of the oldest navigator, an inscrutable and discreet Providence had sprinkled volcanoes, extinct and otherwise, over the bottom of the straits and of the open, adjacent seas, as thickly as the holes in the lid of a pepper box. Navigation was, therefore, in all seasons, subject to peculiar dangers, and, many years ago, when steam navigation came in vogue, the commerce of the Dutch and other Europeans with China, India and Japan was transfegred to the straits of Malacca, which present a smoother bottom and a deeper channel, while sailing ships preferred the straits of Sunda from their width. The value of the Sunda straits as a marine channel lies in the possession of Java by the Dutch, who utilized it formerly for the production of pepper and other spices, but latterly of coffee, the market for which berry they monopolized for many years before the Ceylon berry came into competition with it.

The province of Bantam, which has been reduced to the condition of an ashy desert, is situated in the extreme western part of Java, and was formerly given up altogether to the cultivation of pepper. Adjoining it upon the east is the more populous and fertile province of Batavia. These two dependencies, as well as the whole island, are dotted with volcanoes. The volcanoes of both provinces have ever been celebrated for their continuous and destructive eruptions, and it is said that the accumulation of lava from them formed the original superstructure of the island.

The straits of Sunda are so broad that the shores upon either side are invisible to the few mariners who sail through them. The water is of that deep green color peculiar to the shallow parts of the Indian ocean. The channel is subject to variation. The most prominent islands in the straits were Krakatoo, which was obliterated by the convulsion, and Sibisee, which still stands. The wide expanse of sea which divides Java, Sumatra and Borneo from each other, is so shallow that ships can anchor therein out of sight of land, the extreme depth not exceeding forty fathoms. The scenery in this dangerous locality is picturesque. The adjacent shores of Bantam present a bold, sharpcut outline of high mountains, while the sea-shore is fringed with palm trees.

The recent loss of life, though great, does not exceed that upon a number of previous occasions. In 1772 the great volcano of Popandayan, in the province adjoining Batavia, belched forth fire and smoke for three weeks. Forty villages were destroyed, and 100,000 persons perished in the immense lake of lava which spread over the country for miles. The mountain blew up with a terrible noise, and a lake of muddy water took its place and exists to this day. In 1646 the adjacent island of Makian, of the Moluccas group, was rent in twain and a gorge formed to the sea, a distance of several miles. In 1862 the mountain was again blown up, and all of the inhabitants within a radius of six miles were destroyed. There have been a number of disastrous eruptions in Bantam and Batavia within the last twelve years, involving a great loss of life. The island of Java is not larger than Ireland. It is related that in former times Java, Boli and Sumbawn were united, and afterward separated by a volcanic earthquake into nine islands, and that, in the distant future, so goes the tradition, they will again be united.

The inhabitants of Java are distinctively Maylayan. Of short stature, they are supple, docile and glory in a skin of a light yellow color. They are superstitious and exist in a social community governed by a multitude of regulations and observances unusual in an oriental country, where the type of civilization is not more highly developed than in this case.

The chain of volcanoes which has given rise to all of the memorable eruptions begins at Java headland, the southwestern cape of Java, jutting out into the lower region of the Sunda straits, and directly traverses the entire length of the island, continuing in the Bali strait, and reappearing in the other islands of the group. The same chain is distinctly developed in Japan, thousands of miles northward, where there have also been frequent eruptions, with consequent extensive loss of life and property.

The general conformation of the populous agricultural districts of Bantam and Batavia is similar to that of Japan. The wealthy travel by post horses. The great bulk of the population live in the eastern provinces, and the foreign population of Bantam and Batavia has not greatly increased within the last ten years. In 1815 the total population of Bantam was 231,604, and of Batavia, 332,015; and in 1880, respectively 757,707 and 960,636. —*Philadelphia Press.*

The Sandwich Islanders appear to be tolerably good judges of a woman's smile. A Hawaiian newspaper, in describing such an affair, says: Her rich, red lips parted, and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened wider and wider. Deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks. Brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until a stray ray, darting through the foliage of an overhanging bough, illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back of her head. Then, seeing us gaze intently upon her, she shut her jaw and darkness fell upon the scene.

Galveston harbor now has a depth of fifteen feet on the bar, due to the facilities which are being built for the improvement of the channel.

THE GOLD-SEEKER'S REALM.

WONDERS OF THE BLACK HILLS DESCRIBED.

Peculiarities of the City of Deadwood—The Fascination of Mining—Children Driving Tunnels and Sinking Shafts.

A Deadwood (Dakota) letter to the Pittsburg (Penn.) *Chronicle* says: From the level plains a day's journey east of the Cheyenne river the weary traveler sees a cloud about the size of a man's hand rising above the western horizon. Morning never silvers nor evening gilds this sullen cloud, that seems to frown in perpetual challenge to the northwest winds. This cloud is the Black Hills, this marvelous realm that only a little decade ago was included in the great American Desert, that convenient phrase of geographers, and map makers. To-day a thousand trails traverse these hills, and they are destined to become famous before this hoary century dies. The Indians from time immemorial have avoided this country and regarded its mountain solitudes, where storms are almost continual, and where the note of the song-bird is never heard, with a superstitious awe, having its foundation perhaps in a legend that the evil spirit lurks in these rocky fastnesses. It has only been eight years since the gallant Custer vainly attempted to check the current of emigration that set in simultaneous with the reported discovery of gold. But the intrepid argonaut and the reckless adventurer eluded the vigilance of the army and poured into the hills, accounting the perils by the way as nothing in their mad quest after fortune. The story of their coming is mutely chronicled in the line of unmarked graves stretching across the desolate plains. Rich placer mines awaited the new-comers, and every gulch yielded up its hidden treasure—a prize to the daring. Fabulous fortunes were made in a short time, as is always the case in a new mining country, and the means of spending them were soon at hand. About a year later, the Government having bought the mineral-bearing lands of Dakota from the Indians, the country was opened for settlement, the city of Deadwood organized and provisional courts established. Deadwood was so named from the dead timber everywhere abundant. In 1879 Deadwood was burned to ashes, the losses aggregating over a million of dollars. Last June a disastrous flood destroyed about half the city. Despite these terrible reverses, Deadwood is still the metropolis of the Black Hills, and the liveliest town on the frontier. Its population is about 4,000. The nearest railroad is at Pierre, 250 miles away. A single telegraph wire out of order six months in the year sings in the breeze. And so Deadwood enjoys a sense of isolation quite oppressive until one gets used to it. The arrival of the mail is the event of the day. The streets are crowded in front of the postoffice, and everybody seems hurrying for news from the States.

Deadwood has at least two hotels equal to any in the East in every of the conditions that go to make up comfort. The table is supplied with all manner of game, elk, deer, grouse, buffalo and prairie chicken. All the vegetables you get here are canned, but an abundance of wild berries are quite as acceptable as sliced tomatoes and new corn.

Everybody succumbs to the fascination of mining. I watched little children playing in the sand the other day. They were driving tunnels and sinking shafts. Professional men, mechanics, Chinese laundrymen—all of them have mines. The Hills are full of prospectors; long, gray-bearded men, many of them, who have followed the beckoning of their star all over the continent, with pan and mortar wandering here and there, waiting for that happy moment to come when they will strike it rich. These miners never work except for a "grub stake." Then they lay in flour and bacon and coffee and resume their prospecting. Many of the mines here have suggestive names, as for instance, "The National Debt," "The Sub-Treasury," "The Paymaster-General," and so on. The Homestake mine, located four miles from Deadwood, is the largest mine in the world. It pays over $50,000 every month in dividends. The De Smet, a close corporation, is supposed to be paying equally well. The ore worked by these mines is of low grade, but the deposits are so large and the process of milling so cheap that they are said to be much more profitable than refractory ores of far higher grades. The Iron City Mining company have mines in Spruce three miles from Deadwood.

Gambling in every form is carried on here openly and heavy games are frequently played. The cowboys and the freighters are the disturbing element, and do a little promiscuous shooting occasionally and "hold up" a man now and then, but beyond these little pleasantries Deadwood is as quiet as Pittsburg. After the railroad reaches here the Black Hills will come to the front as a health resort.

A Metropolitan Crematory.

Ground has been purchased on the highest and the most picturesque grounds on Manhattan Island on which to erect a crematory to reduce dead bodies to ashes. The New York Cremation society wish to avoid ferries, railroad trains and crowded thoroughfares when conveying the remains of their relatives and friends to the last resting-place. This will be secured by the proposed works on Washington Heights. This cemetery will be more complete than anything of its kind in the world. There are to be no yew or willow trees and no emblems of mourning. A picturesque chapel for memorial services will be erected, and the grounds will be laid out and adorned with plants and flowers suggesting hope and joy instead of the more melancholy emotions. Nor will there be any roasting and burning of the bodies, but the remains will be incinerated by an intensely hot, dry air radiating from furnaces fifteen feet distant, which will reduce the corpse in a short time to a heap of ashes. The crematory is to be in part modeled upon those in Germany and Italy, where they are in much more general use than in this country.— *Omaha.*

DRIVEN TO CANNIBALISM.

HOW SIR EDWARD COURTNEY'S BODY CAME TO BE EATEN.

An Ocean Horror Dating Back to the Sepoy Rebellion—Thirteen Lives Saved by the Dead—A Ghastly Story.

Dr. Sebastian Warring is a fine old English gentleman, who resigned his position ten years ago as physician to the Queen's army, and came to America, where his children had settled. Dr. Warring selected a home in Buffalo, N. Y., where he lives in ease and luxury, surrounded by his children and his children's children. The old gentleman is eighty-six years of age, but his mind has lost none of its vigor, and his conversational powers are as brilliant and entertaining as ever. While in the government service the doctor's life was a succession of thrilling adventures. He was present during the fiercest engagements of the Sepoy rebellion in India in 1856, and is brimfull of interesting reminiscences and thrilling adventures which occurred during the dark days in India. While in Louisville, Ky., recently, Dr. Warring told a *Commercial* reporter a thrilling story. "I told it," he said, "twenty years ago to a newspaper man in London, and the article traveled the rounds of the press all over the Continent. It happened during the Sepoy revolt in Farther India, and the date of the narrative commences with September, 1857. The Sepoys had risen in arms, and were bidding open defiance to the power of the English armies. The native Englishmen, who had gone to India in the delusion of suddenly becoming independently rich, were hewn to the ground by the relentless swords and battle-axes of the savage natives. Wives and babes were tied to the stake and made to undergo the most sickening tortures. The extermination continued until hardly an Englishman was left in the country. A few took refuge in the jungles, where the wild beasts of the forests were less to be feared than the inhuman cruelty of the natives. With this state of affairs in one of her recently-obtained dominions England began preparations for war. Beside the regularly enlisted army there were thousands who volunteered to go, and among them some of the best blood of England. The one whom this story mostly concerns was Sir Edward Courtney, a relative of the illustrious General Francis Havelock, the great English commander. Sir Edward was young, then in his twenty-fourth year, but a brave and gallant man, and afterward a noble officer, full of judgment and courage. After a tempestuous voyage, during which many died, a landing was made on the southern coast of India and the next day the forces of the English were drawn up on the shore, and the march for the interior commenced. The route led through rugged mountain steeps and low marshy valleys, and on every side the journey was beset with attacks from the enemy concealed in ambush. After wandering over hills until provisions were almost exhausted, a council of war was held. Sir Edward Courtney was present and advised that the army be broken up in divisions and sub-divisions, and a raid made on every town in the country. He himself would lead one of the companies.

"The plans were adopted, and the army separated in divisions Sir Edward rode in command of 2,000 and led an attack on Calcutta. Early in the day he was carried mortally wounded from the battlefield. A heavy missile had struck him in the head and knocked him unconscious to the ground. He was taken to a camp near Calcutta, and afterward removed to one of the ships, where he breathed his last just twenty-four hours after he had received his wound. It was his dying wish that his body should be taken to England for burial. His relatives and friends lived there, and he had promised his mother, one of the royal ladies of the court, that he would return to England either dead or alive. It was hard to comply with the request. The enemy put forward a stubborn and bold front. All of the men were needed in the engagements. It was, however, agreed that a small craft should be fitted up to carry the remains back to England. The boat was to be manned by sixteen men, and I was assigned to the preparation and care of the body during the voyage. Two days later everything was ready to sail. The remains were safely packed in gin and spices, and enough provisions were on board to last during the trip, provided we did not lose our course or become disabled at sea. We set sail one bright, sunny morning, with Captain Hedding in command.

"The Southern ocean seemed to smile from its blue, coral depths, and everybody agreed that the voyage had been begun under favorable circumstances; and, notwithstanding the sad mission of our sea journey, the best of spirits prevailed. All went well until on the night we reached the Cape of Good Hope. The clouds were charged with thunder and lightning. The winds roared in our masts. Nothing could be done. It was a fearful night, and no one on board even hoped to see the light of another sun. After the storm had cleared away we drifted, God knows whither, without rudder to guide or sails to propel. Three of our men had been swept overboard and swallowed up in the gurgling sea. We were alone on the ocean, helpless, and with but a limited supply of provisions. Our craft drifted westward and to the north. Our only hope was to hail some passing steamer, and thus be saved from the fate of starvation and a watery grave.

"The most thrilling part of my narrative is to come yet. We had probably been at sea a month. No signs of land or no godsend in the way of a steamer had flecked the horizon. The provisions grew scantier by the day. Finally nothing was left but a few crusts of bread. I had a private fund of edibles which I had packed securely in my chest, and of which the sailors knew nothing. Starvation knocked at our doors. Two days we drifted, with nothing to satisfy the terrible hunger of our stomach. Matters reached a desperate turn. Something must be done, or we would all perish with hunger. The captain and I tried to put on a bold front. We encouraged the men to resist the gnawing in their stomach a while longer, and looked forward to a brighter day. It was a sad picture to see those men perched upon the elevations on the boat, gazing in vain over the briny deep in search of something which might bring relief. One day we noticed that the men said nothing. We knew they were pinched almost to death with hunger, and wondered why they had ceased to complain. That night the mystery was explained. A few hours after I had retired I was aroused by a vigorous knocking at my door, and upon awakening inquired the cause of the unusual noise.

"'We want the keys to the chest in which Courtney's body is preserved,' was the response.

"I arose from my bunk and hurriedly dressed and came out to ask what it all meant. 'It means,' said one of the men, 'that we are dying with hunger, and have determined to eat the remains of the dead passenger. I remonstrated and called the captain. He threatened his men with punishment, and drew a long saber to defend the keys to the chest where Courtney's remains were incased, with his life But it was of no use. The men were determined, and I was forced to deliver over the keys.

"The captain and I stood by and saw the horrible feast of the seamen. First they drew the gin which covered the body. This was strained and put away in jars, to be used with their victuals of human flesh. The body was divided between them. The captain and I were each proffered an arm. The poor creatures devoured the meal voraciously. When the flesh had been gnawed from the bones they were placed in the chest to be buried after we had reached our destination, if such a hope could be entertained. Two days elapsed and gaunt starvation again visited our little ship. The flesh of the dead Courtney had been consumed and not a fragment remained as an evidence. I shuddered when I thought that the next step would be to draw lots to determine who should be slaughtered to satisfy the common hunger. The step, however, was never taken. After sailing, as we thought, almost an age, we drifted in sight of an English trading vessel. We hailed her, and two hours after we were all on board and ready to sail for England. We had drifted almost 2,000 miles from where the storm came upon us. We arrived at our destination safe, and each man attended the solemn mass which was said over the bones of the gallant Edward Courtney, whose flesh had been devoured to satisfy the rapacity of hunger, and had saved the lives of thirteen men."

The Banana.

The banana is an annual, the fruit coming to maturity about a year after the shoot is planted, the trunk of the tree subsequently attaining a height of from eight feet to ten feet, and a girth of thirty-six inches. From this trunk which is of a fibrous nature, are thrown out long palm-like branches, at the junction of which appears the fruit, each group of bunches, numbering from four to twelve, being called a "hand," and each hand having eight to ten bananas upon it. A bunch of eight hands is the ordinary standard size of shipping fruit. From the root of the tree several shoots or suckers sprout, each of which, in turn, becomes a fresh tree. The life of the banana tree, however, is not usually long, for it is felled after the fruit is gathered, and sometimes indeed during the operation. Jamaica contains a good many banana plantations, varying in size from twenty-five thousand to two hundred thousand trees, for the most part cultivated by the small settlers in the different parishes. These holdings generally consist of three or four acres of land, on which the owners live in a temporary mud hut, being afraid to leave their property to the tender mercies of their neighbors, who rob each other's ground with the strictest impartiality whenever they get a chance. The cultivation is very primitive. The land being cleared by a big iron hoe, a hole is dug and the sucker planted in it, in most cases nature doing all that is necessary; but in the larger plantations the trees are planted with some degree of system, in the form of squares, and trenches are dug for irrigation, the banana thriving best in damp, stiff soil.

A Paradise for Birds.

A young lady in this city, who has been a diligent student in ornithology for the past three years, stated in conversation with the writer that the beautiful arsenal domain of the United States, the island of Rock Island, is the birds' paradise in the Northwest. No gunshot is ever fired at them there, no cruel boys hunt them with slings, arrows, blow-pipes, rubber guns or stones or destroy their nests. And the birds and fowls appear to have learned this, for the lives and homes of the feathered tribes have been thus protected on the island for nearly fifteen years. Almost anytime now a days a person riding along the avenues will see thousands of young birds resting on the telegraph wires, whirring among the trees, or flying up from the meadows of this island home. The young lady says that in a walk through the woods and groves of the island at dawn in early June one would hear as grand a concert as the feathered tribes ever gave in the North—and at the present time the singing, warbling, trilling, echoing, calling, cooing, make delightful music. At about sunset these evenings, if one lingers near the grove, just west of the garden tract, on the south side of the island, and midway between Western avenue and the old mill, he will be treated to a concert more delightful than man can create. *Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.*

The Bone of Contention.

"What is meant by the 'bone of contention?'" asked Rollo, looking up from his book.

"The jaw-bone, my son," replied his father, solemnly, "the jaw bone."

And Rollo wondered then why the book couldn't have said so, just as well. —*Burdette, in Argonaut.*

There are in the United States in the neighborhood of 100,000 natives of Bohemia. Wisconsin has the greatest number; next in number Illinois, Iowa, New York, Minnesota, Ohio, Kansas, Texas and Pennsylvania.

LULLABY.

"Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen."
Rockaby, lullaby, all the day long,
Down to the land of the lullaby song.
Babyland never again will be thine,
Land of all mystery, holy, divine.
Motherland, Otherland,
Wonderland, Underland,
Land of a time ne'er again to be seen;
Flowerland, Bowerland,
Airyland, Fairyland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, thy mother will keep
Gentle watch o'er thine azure-eyed sleep;
Baby can't feel what mother-heart knows,
Throbbing its fear o'er your quiet repose.
Mother-heart knows how baby must fight
Wearily on through the fast-coming night;
Battle unending,
Honor defending,
Baby must wage with the powers unseen.
Sleep now, oh, baby dear,
God and thy mother near;
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, the days will grow long;
Silent the voice of the mother-love song.
Bowed with sore burdens, the man-life must own
Sorrows that baby must bear all alone.
Wonderland can never come back again;
Thought will come soon—and with reason comes pain.
Sorrowland, Motherland,
Drearyland, Wearyland,
Baby and Heavenland lying between.
Smile, then, in Motherland,
Dream in the Otherland,
Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

—*From the German.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In view of the late volcanic eruptions it seems likely that all our "best Java coffee" will come from Brazil this year.

"Now that I have got my hay in," said the relieved farmer, "I think the world would be greatly better for a good shower."

"Did the prisoner knock Mr. Smith down in retaliation?" asked the lawyer of the witness. "No, sir; he knocked him down in the board yard."—*Oil City Derrick.*

Tell us not in mournful numbers
That the life is but a dream,
When a girl that we gas on a hundred
Gets outside a quart of cream—
And then wants more.
—*Elmira Gazette.*

It is strange that whenever some young ladies begin to play on the piano many of the audience commence to talk. One touch of discord makes the whole party chin.—*New York Advertiser.*

"I watched the billows by day, I watched the sea by night," says a current poet. He should engage him elf as a hotel clerk at the seashore, where he could watch the bill-owes all the time.

Kindly words can never perish—
Sweet will their memories be for forgotten—
Never wrongs or sad disasters—
Evil thoughts are ill-begotten;
If the little ones should fight—
Do not box their ears or jaw them,
But go out and get a halter,
Turn them upside down and spank 'em.
—*New York World*

A fact: Two gentlemen were questioning why professional men should so frequently be bald. The little daughter of one had been an attentive though unobserved listener, but made her presence and opinion known by suddenly exclaiming: "Oh, papa, I know; it's so that their wits can come out."

"How long have you been working for me?" asked Mr. Keely of his foreman. "Fourteen years," was the reply. "How much do you know about running this engine?" again asked Keely. "Nothing," said the foreman. He didn't want to know more than the father of the motor, so to speak.—*Troy Times.*

The latest "snake story" going the rounds of the press is headed: "A Young Lady Tightly Embraced by a Serpent." Such incidents are not rare. But the young lady doesn't know at the time that he is a serpent. Sometimes she doesn't discover the fact until after she marries him.—*Norristown Herald.*

Emperor William is said to have a very extensive wardrobe, some of the articles having been in his possession and use twenty-five years. The emperor's wife is very different from other women, or else plaster-of-paris image venders never call with busts of Napoleon and Bismarck which they offer to exchange for second-hand clothing.—*Norristown Herald.*

An Irish lawyer having addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "yer honors," after he had concluded a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose and apologized thus: "May it plase the coort, in the hate of debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors." The speaker then sat down.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Music hath charms to sooth the savage cow! It is stated that in Switzerland a milkmaid or man gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it is found that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasant melody. What a soother Clara Louise Kellogg would be, and how the old cow would "give down."—*Troy Times.*

How a Pianist Avoided a Duel.

A duel in which an eminent pianist was to have taken a leading part is said to have been happily arranged without loss of life or limb on either side. An altercation had taken place at a Paris cafe between the said pianist and a well-known man of fashion; and it at last became so animated that the latter offered the former his card and accepted one in return. The pianist waited at home the next morning, but heard nothing from his opponent. The day afterward he met him by chance in the street, and expressed his surprise at what had, or rather at what had not, taken place. "I asked you the day before yesterday," said the pianist's adversary, "for satisfaction, and yesterday I received it." "How so?" asked the pianist, more astonished than ever. "Instead of a visiting card you gave me a ticket for your concert, was the reply. "I went to it, heard you play, and was more than satisfied.—*St. James' Gazette.*

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1883.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1883.
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirty-first (31st) volume on January 1st, 1883.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

NOTICE.

We earnestly request all persons who are indebted to us by account to make settlement, as we need the money.

—The Democrats of the First (N. C.,) Congressional district nominated Thos. G. Skinner to fill the vacancy caused by the death of W. F. Poole.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—On October 1st, the signal service station at Hatteras, N. C., will be moved from the life-saving building to a building situated one and a quarter miles west of the life-saving station. The signals can be plainly seen from both sea and sound.

IMPORTANT.—The Goldsboro *Messenger* says: As a matter of interest and importance to justices of the peace we would state that on and after the 1st day of November, 1883, all appeals from justices' courts, in criminal as well as civil causes, must be taken directly to the Superior courts only. This is expressly provided by the new code, which goes into effect on that day, and it was found necessary in order to prevent the delays of justice which have resulted from the continuous appeals heretofore allowed.

STATE FAIR NOTES.—It is expected that quite a collection of gems, amethysts, quartz crystals, &c., Indian curiosities and the like will be exhibited at our State fair. The agricultural society have offered an additional premium of twenty-five dollars for the best exhibit of gems, amethysts, quarts crystals and the like. There are several beautiful private cabinets in the State, and we hope they will be placed on exhibition a tour coming fair.—*News-Observer.*

—The Daily New York *Graphic* of the 17th ult., gives an illustrated page or two of the Baltimore Oriole and a whole page to Messrs. Vogeler, Meyer & Co., proprietors of St. Jacob's Oil and Bull's Cough Syrup. The above firm are large advertisers of very valuable medicines. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is one of the best proprietary medicines known.

—The State fair will be held October 15th; the Agricultural and Mechanical fair at Rocky Mount, October 23; the Guilford fair, at New Garden, October 24; the Edgecombe fair, at Tarboro, October 20; the Roanoke and Tar River fair, at Weldon, November 6; the Cumberland county fair, at Fayetteville, November 6; the Dixie fair, at Wadesboro, November 14, and the Sampson fair, at Clinton, December 5.

—Gen. Roger A. Pryor has been retained as counsel to defend Patrick O'Donnel, who shot James Carey, the informer. The trial will begin the 15th inst., in London.

—The fence and no-fence parties in Texas are growing in strength, fierceness and bitterness every day. Cattle dealers say they can no longer find short routes to western markets in consequence of the fencing of large tracts of land embracing their old trails and much of the water they once relied upon in their long marches. In many instances they have cut the wire fences put up by the fencer, in order to avail themselves of their old privileges, and the result is lawsuits without number and threats that it is feared may lead to bloodshed.

—The South gains 15 members and the West 17 members in the next House—total 32 and that is all that is gained. The Eastern States retain their old number, 95. Giving the Republicans every Independent, Greenbacker and Readjuster the Democrats will have 194 to the Republicans 131.—*Wil. Star.*

—We have received a copy of the *Electra*, a monthly publication for young people, published at Louisville, Kentucky, by Misses Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Leyburn. It is a first-class publication. *At Home and Abroad*, recently published in Charlotte, and the *Electra* have been consolidated, and the combined circulation is 2,500 copies monthly. $2 a year in advance.

—Many forget that the hair and scalp need cleansing as well as the hands and feet. Extensive use of Ayer's Hair Vigor has proven that it is the best cleansing agent for the hair—that it prevents as well as removes dandruff; cools and soothes the scalp, and stimulates the hair to renewed growth and beauty.

—The Reidsville *Times* has a description of a Rockingham fox hunt, in which eight handsome young ladies, Major Peter Hairston's and Col. Sharp's daughters, and a Miss McDowell, who was on a visit from Alabama took part. The young ladies were rigged out in regular hunting style with hunting boots and pants and riding habits that struck about the ankles of the boots.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—Oxford *Torchlight:* The Dukes of Durham are already working 150 hands in manufacturing cigarettes.

—The North Carolina Mill Stone Company, at Parkwood, Moore county, are constantly increasing their facilities for the manufacture of grist mills, and these mills having a national reputation are shipped to all parts of the Union, and orders have been received from Brazil, S. A.

—Mr. Green Solomon, an aged citizen of Charlotte, who has been for a long time in the employ of the Richmond and Danville railroad as a locomotive engineer, died at his home in Charlotte, about 8 o'clock Monday night 1st inst.

—Rev. N. B. Cobb writes as follows to the *Biblical Recorder* about the way the valuable trees are being cut and sold in Western North Carolina: One black walnut was over a hundred feet to the first limb and 27 feet 10 inches in circumference. These large walnut trees have been cut down and sawed up by Indiana lumbermen. The finest forest trees of this county have all been sold to the saw mill men, and only the stumps of the largest trees now remain.—*Wilmington Star.*

—The New Garden fair will be held at the society's grounds, on Wednesday, Oct. 24th, and a good exhibition is promised. Instead of having a set speech, as has formerly been the custom, it has been decided by the directors, to request all who are interested in any branch of agriculture or horticulture, who are present that day, to make a five minute's talk, each selecting his own topic. Calls will be made and a general response is expected.

—Milton *Chronicle:* We hear that Mr. James Paul, of Orange, lost all his children—seven—by diphtheria. So rapid was the disease that it a raw place on the body was touched it would slough off in great pieces of flesh. Think of a parent's burying all his children, coming from the grave to-day and returning with another child to-morrow until all have been given up and his house is so empty, so desolate—no wonder that the poor man's reason gave way under a brokeen heart and he wildly fled to the graves and tried to scratch his darlings up.

—Beaufort *Telephone:* We have in Beaufort a colored man who is as much of a prodigy as the veritable "Blind Tom." His name is Zach. Taylor, born in Carteret county, of parents who were slaves, is thirty-3 years old, never went to school in his life, and yet he can build a mill, repair a watch, tune a piano, or print a newspaper. The most remarkable gift he has, however, is the ability to repeat Scripture, which he can do for hours at a time without making a mistake. There isn't his equal in North Carolina or in the South for that matter.

DEATH FROM EATING POTATOES.—On Saturday, 29th ult., little Johnnie Murr, son of section master Murr, who is stationed on the A. T. & O. Railroad, at Davidson College, appeased his appetite on raw sweet potatoes, of which he ate a great quantity. He was shortly afterwards taken with severe pains in his stomach which continued to grow worse and baffled the skill of the doctors until Sunday, when the boy died.—*Journal-Observer.*

A FINE SURGICAL OPERATION.—Dr. Henry T. Bahnson, an eminent surgeon of Salem, N. C., yesterday performed a fine surgical operation upon the arm of Dr. John Irwin. About two years ago Dr. Irwin had one bone of his forearm broken by a blow with a stick in the hands of a negro, in Charlotte and the bone broken was set, but failed to knit and has ever since given Dr. Irwin a great deal of trouble. Dr. Bahnson yesterday cut away the flesh from around the bone, sawed off the ragged edges and drawing them closely together sewed them securely with wire. The wound will be kept open until the bone knits when the wire will be withdrawn and the flesh permitted to heal. It was a very delicate operation and was most successfully performed.—*Journal Observer, 5th inst.*

A Romantic Affair—How a Young Man in New Orleans Found a Wife in Connecticut.

Quite an interesting romance occurred in Bethel recently by which a husband nearly 2,000 miles away found a wife in a most unexpected manner. On the 11th inst., Rev. John Lyon, of the Church of the Redeemer in Bridgeport, joined in the bonds of matrimony at Bethel, Henry Segur, of New Orleans, to Miss Ada S. Beach, of Bethel. The ceremony was performed at the residence of Aaron S. Lacy in the presence of about twenty friends of the bride. Mr. Segur made the acquaintance of his wife in a strange manner. About a year ago he was buying a hat at his home, and upon examining the sweat leather, found behind it the name of Ada S. Beach, Bethel, Connecticut. He concluded to write to the young woman, and she replied, and a correspondence was soon under way which brought Mr. Segur from the mild climate of New Orleans in the chilly month of January to visit his fair correspondent and to ascertain more about her than he could by the medium of pen and ink. He came, he saw, and he was conquered, and an engagement resulted, and a Louisiana groom found a Connecticut bride. The happy pair started on a bridal trip embracing Boston, New York, Kentucky, Virginia and Ohio. Their many friends congratulated them on their good fortune, and it is believed that many of the bride's former friends will also try the experiment of placing their names on sweat leathers while they are engaged in trimming hats with the hope that they will draw as valuable a matrimonial prize as did their former fellow-laborer.—*New Haven (Con.) Palladium.*

—The School Slate manufacturers of Lehigh and Northampton counties, Pa., have suspended operations for sixty days. Market overstocked.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfillment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS
OF
Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists · $1, six bottles, $5.

DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 28.—Snow fell at several points in Michigan this morning, but it melted as it fell.

—A peculiar virtue in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is that while it cleanses and purges the blood from all corruptions and impurities, and thereby roots out disease, it builds up and invigorates the whole system, and makes one young again.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE continues to merit the high encomiums passed upon its literary and artistic merit. The October number equals in interest its predecessors, and contains many well-written and entertaining articles. Among the contents are "From Oxford to Cambridge," an interesting illustrated article; "Bottger Experimenting before Augustus the Strong;" "A Chapter on Sitting-Rooms," "Peasant and Painter;" "How we Live in New York—The Working Girl," by Jennie June; the continuation of "Agathe De Valsuze," several shorter stories, "Home Art and Home Comfort," and "Current Notes," which treat of the "World's Progress." The illustrations form an important feature of this excellent publication, and add greatly to its interest. The October number has for a frontispiece a fine steel engraving, after Dieffenbach's beautiful painting, "The Foster Mother's Alarm." A litho-photo of Mrs. Phinney's statue of the Lorelei, now owned by Mr. W. Jennings Demorest, also adorns this number.

—It will not do to boast too much of the spread of intelligence, at least in Pennsylvania. A case of genuine witchcraft is reported from Scranton, Pennsylvania. Miss Kochert's child died of emaciation and a witch doctor reported it as a case of witchery. His treatment was remarkable. He advised the mother to feed the child bits of paper dipped in molasses, and to whip the cradle in which the child lay. The mother did all this and went a step farther. She accused one Mrs. Snyder, a neighbor, of being the witch. And here we come suddenly upon the nineteenth century for the first time in the case. Mrs. Snyder repelled the accusation with scorn and had the mother up before a justice, who instead of ordering the witch burned, listened to the complaint and held the prisoner for trial. It is interesting to watch the superstition of old New England in collision with the practical sense of modern Dutch Pennsylvania.

A METROPOLITAN CREMATORY.—Ground has been purchased on the highest and the most picturesque grounds on Manhattan Island on which to erect a crematory to reduce dead bodies to ashes. The New York Cremation Society wish to avoid ferries, railroad trains, and crowded thoroughfares when conveying the remains of their relatives and friends to the last resting place. This will be secured by the proposed works on Washington Heights. This cemetery will be more complete than anything of its kind in the world. There are to be no yew or willow trees and no emblems of mourning. A picturesque chapel for memorial services will be erected, and the grounds will be laid out and adorned with plants and flowers suggesting hope and joy instead of the more melancholy emotions. Nor will there be any roasting and burning of the bodies, but the remains will be incinerated by an intensely hot, dry air radiating from furnaces fifteen feet distant, which will reduce the corpse in a short time to a heap of ashes. The crematory is to be in part modled upon those in Germany and Italy, where they are in much more general use than in this country.—*Demorest's Monthly for October.*

—The only pain we can safely make light of, is the window-pane, but the pain that racks our frame and tears our lungs is a matter of serious consequence. To alleviate the latter and effect a permanent cure, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is relied on by all sensible people.

—General Sherman has fixed upon the 1st of November as the date upon which he will turn over the command of the army to General Sheridan.

24 O'clock—A New Time Table for Railroads.

Philadelphia Record, Sept. 17th.

"This train starts at 24 o'clock."

These were the words used by a gentleman at Broad Street Station on Saturday in explanation of a theory which will, in all probability, be put into practice at no distant day. The theory is the establishment of a "time standard," as the railroad men term it, to be put into operation on all the railroads in the country. The proposed standard would simply add the hours after midnight to 12, so that 11 o'clock in the morning would be 23 o'clock and noon would be 24 o'clock. The dials of clocks would be made into twenty-four divisions of time, and the troublesome a. m. and p. m. would be avoided. Uniformity and certainty in the movement of trains in all parts of the country is one of the greatest advantages claimed for the new standard, and a simplication of time tables that the public would be quick to recognize and appreciate would follow.

FIFTY STANDARDS OF TIME.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has given the question of the new standard a favorable consideration. An officer of that corporation says there are now in operation at least fifty standards of time. The reduction of their number has engrossed the attention of the different time table conventions held within the past twenty years, but no solution of the problem has been reached. The last railway convention held was in St. Louis, in April last, and it was there that a number of standards from fifty to five was suggested as the easiest and simplest way out of the trouble. "Of course," said the Pennsylvania railroad officer, "the railroad managers had to adopt the plan before it could be put into effect, and responses had been received favorable to the five standard arrangement from the officers of corporations controlling seventeen thousand miles of road, forming an unbroken line from Boston to Omaha on the west, and Charleston, S. C., on the south. Still it was not unanimous, and therefore not effective."

THE PENNSYLVANIA AND STANDAED TIME.

The originator of the theory of twenty-four hours for standard time was by Mr. W. H. Dewees of this city. Mr. Dewees, upon expressing his views, said recently: "Anything more crude, uncertain and insufficient than the style now in use cannot be imagined. It is a relic of the dark ages, adopted centuries before a railroad or telegraph was thought of. Modern progress demands something better adapted to the wants of our present advanced civilization. If my plan is adopted I think it will gradually extend throughout the world. It would take time from Greenwich Observatory, for it is the best time that exists. It is exact, constant and known (or ascertainable) everywhere.

PROBABLE OBJECTIONS FROM THE PUBLIC.

"Objections," he said, "are likely to be urged against Greenwich time by the people. It would probably be contended that, inasmuch as the hours of the day would run from one to twenty-four, instead of the day being divided into halves of twelve hours each, as is the present civil day, great inconvenience would result to the public. People would soon, however, become accustomed to the new method. Should Greenwich astronomical time be taken as the standard, 12 o'clock midnight would become the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth hour; two o'clock, a. m., (present style) the beginning of the fifteenth hour; 6 o'clock, a. m., present style, the beginning of the nineteeth hour, and so on around the circle. A man reading of events occurring in Europe at a certain time of day would not be in blissful ignorance, if the new standard were in force, of the time when they really did occur. Under the new standard there would no longer be any question about New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Chicago and the numerous other standards now in use.

—The true name of Henry Villard, president of the just completed Northern Pacific railway, is Heinrich Hilgard. He assumed "Villard" as a non de plume when he was writing Western letters to a New York paper.

In the Sleeping Car From Chicago.

A lady sat with her only child;
The poor little fellow was almost wild.
He was making a noise like a circus band,
For a horrible felon was on his hand.

A quiet old man remarked to the mother:
"I think we can stop this pain and bother.
I've a bottle of PAIN KILLER here," said he,
"And I think it will cure him; let us see."

He poured some drops on a moistened rag,
And wrapped the felon, as if in a bag,
And soon the suffering child was calm
As the voice of a summer evening psalm.

We would notify the reading public that for the next Sixty Days, we will sell a SELECT LOT OF *MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS*, suitable for all tastes, AT AND BELOW COST. There is no mistake about it.

A lot of she ll-worn and second hand books very CHEAP. Call and examine.

These are all CLEARANCE SALES, and all should avail themselves of this Sixty Day opportunity.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale four town lots in Winston, three situated on Depot Street, and one west of the courthouse, in rear of Wm. B. Gleen's residence. For further information apply to the undersigned, or to Charles Bufort, at railroad depot.

Terms cash. L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Dr. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

BETHANY ACADEMY,
BETHANY P. O., N. C.

THE FALL SESSION of this School will begin **August 6th,** and continue twenty-weeks. All English Branches, with Latin, French, Mathematics, &c., will be taught.

Board $6 to $8 per month.
Tuition $1 to $3 per month.
For further information address the Principal,
E. E. RAPER,
Bethany, N. C.

THOSE WISHING
Tomb Stones
will please bring in their orders at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, boys and girls make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of J. R. Reed, deceased, persons indebted to said deceased are hereby requested to make payment to me at once, and thereby save costs; and all those having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them duly proven as the law directs, within twelve months from the 28th day of August, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

J. G. REED,
Adm'r of J. R. Reed, dec'd.
Aug. 28th, 1883.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

DR. J. C. ECTOR,

HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.

OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.

Jan. 2, 1883.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C.

BINGHAM SCHOOL,
(Established in 1793,)

Is **PRE-EMINENT** among Southern Boarding Schools for Boys, in **Age,** in **Numbers,** in **Area** of **Patronage** and in equipment for **Physical Culture.**

The 179th Session will begin Aug. 1st, 1883.

Maj. R. BINGHAM, Sup't.

Bingham School P. O., Orange Co., N. C.

University of North Carolina

NEXT SESSION BEGINS AUGUST 30th, 1883. Regular Courses of Study lead to A. B., Phi. B. and B. S. Special Courses are open to Students. Schools of Law, Medicine and Pharmacy attached. A Teacher's Course of two years has been established. For particulars, address

KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., Pres.
Aug. 3, 1883,-31. Chapel Hill, N. C.

LIVER WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.
Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists

STAFFORD MILL.

Having repaired the Stafford Mills and secured the services of one of the best Millers in the country, I am now prepared to do as

GOOD WORK

as this mill ever did, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the surrounding country.

W. B. STAFFORD.
Forsyth Co., Jan. 29th 1883.

HERRICK'S POEMS,
THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.
SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

T. R. PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.

PICTURES! PICTURES!!
CHROMOS, framed, at the SALEM BOOK STORE.

A. N. Zevely & Son,
637 F. Street Washington, D. C.
Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections, etc.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street New York

A Death Roll of Eight Months.

The astrologist who selected 1883 as a good year for earthquakes, pestilence and accidents seems to have made a hit. During the 8 months of the year considerably more than 143,000 lives have been lost in notable disasters, taking into account the yellow fever in the South. By simply following the big news of the press dispatches the following table of people killed is made up:

Loss of Cimbria	434
Milwaukee hotel fire	80
Poland circus fire	268
Austrian mine flooded	72
Tehichipa, California railroad accident	21
Flatboat disaster, N. C.	21
Loss of City of Brussels	10
Mine explosion, Ill.	10
New York school panic	16
Braidwood mine disaster	77
February floods	77
Drowned Brownsville, Minn.	11
April tornadoes	200
Fall of a Texas hotel	14
Brooklyn bridge panic	14
May tornadoes	118
Sunderland, Eng, school panic	202
June floods	58
Baltimore pier disaster	72
Carlyon, New York railroad accident	17
July London, Ont., floods	17
Hungary fire	20
Ischia earthquake	4,500
English fishing fleets	373
German floods	140
Mt. Ararat avalanche	150
Powder explosions in Europe	230
Two mine explosions, Europe	162
Bombay factory panic, etc	104
Rochester, Minn., tornado	16
Lake Chiem Palace accident.	23
Cornwall mine accident	12
Collision off Eddystone lighthouse	18
Great Banks fishermen lost	60
Java earthquake	100,000
Indian cholera	15,000
Egyptian cholera	21,000
Italian steamer Ansonia	20
Steamer Kenmore Castle	32
Steamer Gypsy	18
Steamer Navarre	46
Ship Dunslofirage	26
Rome explosion	40
Besser, France, explosion	21
Steamer Grapple	70
Burning Lake Como Theatre	47
Steamer Daphne on Clyde	150

The Cotton Tax.

Justice Field's letter to Mr. Royall, detailing his opinions, many of which are dear to the Southern people, has opened up fresh interest in the cotton tax, a monstrous robbery that ought to be repaired. The tax was declared unconstitutional, but the money has never been restored. Judge Field's idea of returning it to the States from which it was illegally wrested is an equitable one. The following specifications will be opportune as showing the amounts paid by each State:

Alabama	$10,388,072
Arkansas	2,555,638
California	430
Connecticut	193
Florida	918,944
Georgia	11,897,094
Illinois	379,144
Indiana	92,727
Iowa	27
Kansas	286
Kentucky	553,327
Louisiana	10,098,501
Maryland	50,340
Massachusetts	66,679
Mississippi	8,742,995
Missouri	592,098
New Jersey	3,656
New York	867,742
North Carolina	1,959,704
Ohio	447,129
Pennsylvania	78,535
Rhode Island	2,424
South Carolina	4,172,420
Tennessee	7,873,400
Texas	5,502,401
Utah	1,375
Total	$68,072,388

The largest amount, it will be seen, was stolen from Georgia. If returned it would more than wipe out our public debt, leave a large surplus in the treasury, and permit the State to have and hold an excess of property estimated at about $8,000,000.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to cut down or remove any trees or wood from our premises in South Fork township without our permission, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Forsyth County, N. C., Sept. 18, 1883.

NOTICE.

HAVING duly qualified as Executor of Ephraim Transou, dec'd, all persons indebted to said deceased, are requested to make payment to me at once; and all those having claims against said deceased are hereby notified to present them to me proven as the law directs within twelve months from the 10th September, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. EVAN TRANSOU,
Executor of Ephraim Transou, dec'd
September 10, 1883.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Exctation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flutterings at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

Tourgee's New Book.

HOT PLOUGHSHARES.

For sale at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA
CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use).
Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Does, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT,
SALEM, N. C.

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,
RIBBONS, VELVETS, FLOWERS AND STRAW GOODS
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE AT VERY LOW FIGURES.
OUR GOODS SURPASS ANYTHING IN THE MARKET.

Salem, N. C., May 17, 1883.-20.

Farmers, Raise Wheat.
WE AGAIN OFFER YOU THE
STAR BRAND GUANO,
FOR WHEAT,

And guarantee the quality to be equal to and in some respects better than any other sold by us.

It is in Fine Condition for Drilling.

No other FERTILIZER has ever been so THOROUGHLY and SEVERELY tested, and the increased sales every year show that it has attained a reputation never attained by any other brand. It is acknowledged to be the leading Fertilizer in North Carolina and Virginia.

Our Prices are $3.50 per bag of 200 pounds Cash
$4.50 " " " 200 pounds on Time.

Fertilizer fresh from the Factory and in new sound Bags.

STAR BRAND ACID PHOSPHATE

The highest grade sold in the State, only $25.00 per ton, or $2.50 per bag cash. No other FERTILIZERS of same grade are sold at so low prices. Our position in the FERTILIZER business enables us to defy competition in goods of same grades as ours. We refer to the hundreds of farmers who have been using our FERTILIZERS for the past several years.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO USE OUR WHEAT GUANO THIS FALL.

Yours, Very Truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Winston, N. C., Sept. 4, 1883.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,
WINSTON, N. C.
THE LEADING MERCANTILE HOUSE IN WINSTON

We are receiving
NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY, AND BOTH OUR
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL STORES

are kept well filled with choice selections of goods which are sold always at reasonable prices.

We are buying immense quantities of BERRIES AND DRIED FRUITS for which we are paying the highest prices.

We have in Stock a full line of

CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS.

We invite everybody to come and see us.

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Sept. 4th, 1883.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The people of Forsyth will find Charles Steiner at my office, during the month of October, every day during business hours, for the purpose of receiving their taxes.

AUG. FOGLE, Sheriff.

October 1, 1883.

—Miss Annie Crist is at High Point for the winter.

—Miss Carrie Jones is at High Point with her uncle, Dr. Jones.

David Shoaf has administered on the estate of the late Joseph Nading.

—Fresh fish from our creeks and rivers are occasionally offered.

☞ Gents', Womens' and Misses' Rubber Shoes at C. R. WELFARE'S.

—The frame-work of Allen Spach's new building is up.

—Salem Lodge, I. O. O. F., meets on Tuesday evenings at 7:30.

—Col. A. H. Belo has returned to his home in Galveston, Texas.

—The Winston Baptist Sunday School now meets at 2½ o'clock in the afternoon.

—After a "wet spell" for a day or so, we have had beautiful weather, something like Indian Summer.

—Wm. Gardner, near this place, has caught 40 possums this season. They sell readily at from 30 to 50 cents.

—Burglary and sneak thieving is on the increase and it might pay to have an extra shot-gun ready for such occasions.

—Late corn is offered, not quite matured, but will do for feeding hogs. Indeed some think it is better for fattening.

—Miss Emma Lineback is improving rapidly from a severe attack of typhoid fever, She is with her sister at Rochester, Pa.

A Protracted meeting at Waughtown commences on next Sunday. Elder J. B. Richardson, pastor. Elder C. F. Conrad will assist.

—Eleven persons were immersed, on Sunday last, at New Friendship. A very large congregation was present. Elder Wm. Turner preached the funeral sermon of Martin Mendenhall.

☞ We notice that C. R. Welfare has considerably enlarged his store at the Boner & Crist stand. His Fall Stock, just received, is very large. 3t.

—E. A. DeSchweinitz, assistant Professor of Chemistry, at Chapel Hill, spent a few days in town last week. He returned to his post on Tuesday.

—Dr. Edward Rondthaler left for a three weeks' visit North. He was at New York on Saturday last to see Rev. Th. Richard off for his home in Saxony.

—Mr. Fred G. Schaum, a prominent and popular tobacconist of Baltimore, and well known here, is here with his bride. *Gutes glück und langes leben.*

—John Griffith has purchased from Messrs. Nissen the old Stephen Douthit Mill property, situated on the Yadkin river several miles beyond Lewisville.

RE-OPENED.—Charles Fagg has again opened his meat store in the Crosland building. Fresh beef every day, and *cut* to order. See advertisement.

APPLES.—Some of the finest Magnum Bonum apples were brought in from the country last week. Every year there is an improvement among our fruit growers. The late keeping apples are, Neverfail, Royal Limbertwig, Cheese and several other varieties, which will be brought in after frost.

—We hear of some very fine crops of tobacco in this county and upper part of Davidson. Farmers are beginning to cut and cure. The recent rains and warm weather have given the plants what is called a "second growth," and retards cutting considerably.

—The Supreme Court has granted license to twenty six young lawyers in this State. Among the number appear the names of J. M. Leach, of Davidson; T. C. Linn, of Rowan; and J. R. Lewellyn and J. S. McGuffin, of Surry.

A NEW CAR.—The *Leader* says: The Railroad Company have placed a new and handsome car upon the Salem branch, which is a decided improvement upon the old rattle-box. It is a combination car—second-class, mail, express and baggage combined in one.

FERRETS.—Messers Frank Hege and Dermot Butner have a pair of white ferrets. These little animals are of the weasel species though considerably larger. They are easily handled by those who tend to them, but are rather vicious to strangers. They wage war on rats and mice to extermination and are far more effective than cats. They are as bad after chickens as the weasel, under like circumstances.

A few years since a family of weasels inhabited the Salem mill, and the miller often saw them slipping along the timbers of the mill, after night, in search of rats, and on several occasions one old fellow ran down the studding with a chicken rat in his mouth. They were very tame, as no one ever attempted to molest them.

—List of letters remaining in the Post Office, at Salem, N. C., October 1, 1883.

Mrs. Mattie Benton, (col.,) Miss Annie Boyer, Wm. F. Burke, Miss Sallie Chattin, Ephraim B. Cassel, J. F. Gilmer, Mrs. Salena Ganaway, Miss Annie L. Holland, Miss Margaret Hayworth, C. C. Hite, Anderson, Jr., James H. Jarvis, Mrs. Nannie E. Rousky, Miss Annie M. Nelson, A. M. Noble, P. S. McCanless, Miss Laura Rominger, John and Wm. Reich, M. W. Vance.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Winston Water Works Company was held on Thursday night last. 1,025 shares were represented in the meeting—the whole number is 1,436. The old board of directors was re-elected unanimously. It is composed of Thos. J. Wilson, Dr. W. L. Brown, P. H. Hanes, Jas. A. Gray, E. A. Pfohl, J. C. Buxton and G. W. Hinshaw. The President made a very gratifying report. The Treasurer's report showed the total cost of constructing the whole works to be $42,600; $14,360 stock subscribed and paid for; bonds issued and sold at par $24,000, and present indebtedness about $4,000. The present revenue is sufficient to pay interest on the outstanding bonds and indebtedness, and also to pay the running expenses of the Company.

WACHOVIA MILLS, SALEM, N. C., October 3, 1883.

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS:

We are happy to announce that our repairs are now so far completed that we are prepared to grind wheat, corn, rye, oats, &c., for our customers, in any quantities.

We have in addition to our custom department,—which we will run as heretofore,—a complete roller system intended for merchant work; however, we will *exchange* roller flour with those who wish, on the basis of 30 to 35 lbs. flour, and 22 to 17 lbs. bran for a bushel of good wheat.

We keep constantly on hand a full stock of white and mixed corn at the lowest market price.

Respectfully,
F. & H. FRIES.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

[FROM THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.]

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—All the members of the board were present. Much of the time was occupied in appointing new school committees for all the districts in the county. A number of citizens were present to recommend the appointment of committeemen for their districts, and many wrote to the board making recommendations. Mr. H. H. Hartley filed his bond in the sum of $50,000 and took the oath of tax collector. The sheriff, through counsel, demanded the tax books; but the Board ordered that they be turned over to the collector. The school district for colored children, in the town of Lexington was abolished, there being but few colored children in town and two schools just outside the corporate limits. Four school districts in Abbott's Creek township were consolidated in two. An order was made to hire out Alex. Herndon and William Cuffee, now in jail for fines and costs. A number of accounts went over to the next meeting for action.

The protracted meeting in the Methodist church, at Thomasville, conducted by Mrs. Mary Moon, of the Society of Friends, was closed last Sunday night. The results as far as known, are fifty-three conversions and sixteen accessions to the church.

The sheriff has appointed Mr. H. P. Gallimore jailor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Among the Sauratown Mountains.

The road which we traveled now, was already a mountain road, up hill and down hill, and what stones and rocks on it! Now I looked out for the road leading from Walnut Cove to Danbury, and joining the Germanton road some 4 miles this side of Danbury. And here at last we see that road, well known to us,—for here last year walking all the way, we had felt somewhat tired out. Now again a heavy shower, and here we pass another of our landmarks before passing the creek that flows in a deep valley,—nothing but a lonely little cow stable in which, last year, we took shelter during a sudden heavy thunder shower. We are still some 2 miles from Danbury, but quite near to the place where I had planned to stop for the night. Through a deep cut road, crossed hither and hither by the same creek, I walk in advance of the wagon and now straight up a steep hill where one sees the well known building of Mr Rierson. I myself just got safely to the top of the hill and had time to step into the large barn close to the right when the heaviest shower of the day came pouring down. The wagon with the 2 children now came also up the hill and had, standing right on the top, to endure the whole brunt of this atmospheric charge. According to an old German proverb, which says that severe masters don't rule for long,—this severe shower came to an end as suddenly as it had begun—and now we could make arrangements for the night. There was indeed rather too much water standing about us everywhere,—but then we were on the top of a hill and therefore the water would soon disappear according to the laws of gravitation and equilibrium of fluids. Mr. and Mrs. Rierson, whom I know from last year, very kindly urged us to take up lodgings for the night in their roomy and commodious house, but we were set on spending the night outside. Hence we only asked leave to occupy the very roomy barn with our wagon. Another large, empty wagon was put to our disposal, and the prospect for the night began to be glorious. Some good warm coffee, with eatables brought from home, tasted like Nectar and Ambrosia whilst we were comfortably seated or walking about on the clean planking of the large barn. We spent a very pleasant night, interrupted only occasionally by the stamping of the horses close behind our heads. The first dawn of the morning, striking right into my face, awoke me,—it was indeed a new day breaking upon us, a clear, fresh day of sunshine. Our breakfast was soon over and after bidding good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Rierson we made a second day's start under glorious auspices. Deeply grieved and moved am I now, however, to have read and heard lately, that the same Mr. Rierson, from whom we took leave that morning, has since died, leaving 4 young children and a young widow, who some 10 years ago was yet a boarder in Salem Academy. The departed was a man in his best years, while his father, a hale old man of 84 years, still survives.

The whole road of 2 miles to Danbury, I walked on foot. The road is very varied,—all nature beautifully fresh and vigorous after yesterday's showers, and in to-day's clear sunshine. There is a fine large spring, covered with rock, at the side of the road close before Danbury as you descend the last hill towards the creek that still separates you from Danbury. A battered cup invites you to drink—the water is delightful. I bless the public spirited person who left this tin cup here, so that others might drink of the water. Battered though the cup is, it serves its purpose well. This time of ourse, I might have had a cup of my own in easy reach—but frequently before has it happened to me that I had to forego a much needed drink of cool water for want of a convenient cup. The act of bestowing such a cup on the public may seem but trifling, enough that it is the straw that indicates in which direction the current, I mean the bent of the mind goes,—and it goes in the right direction.

And now, after crossing the creek mentioned before just below a romantic old water-mill, we ascended a very rugged and steep way into the town of Danbury. That watermill looks just like an old German watermill and brings to my mind that old poem, "In einem Kühlen Gründe, da geht ein mühlenrad." So rugged and steep is this road into the town, that the old story of the horse which somehow had got into Danbury but ended by falling out of the town,—seems almost credible. The river Dan we have not approached closely—but have seen it from the road at a short distance, making a big loop and so coming near Danbury—then winding far away into the green, hilly country. In Danbury again an unexpected hearty greeting from various gentlemen whom I had met before; others I got to know just here. Here, I got proper information regarding Moore's Knob, which I wanted to visit, and the road leading to it. Then with the children a stroll through the little town. Danbury is a picturesque town and its inhabitants certainly give a stranger a very pleasant and hearty welcome. I very much like, what I have experienced of the social spirit prevailing here. Only, the town is certainly very small. I wanted to buy a few loaves of bread, but was at once informed positively that such a purchase could not be made here. The court-house at the upper end of town, is the most prominent building. A church is not in sight at all; I believe there is one there higher up, but I have never seen it. The Court-house, since Danbury is county town, is everything. Altogether, as far as I could judge, Danbury almost lives and exists only by "law" and for "law." Indications of "law" and "lawyers" are everywhere. Like a child born in a garrison town of Prussia, knows no better play than *soldiers*. So, I fancy, the children born in Danbury would probably play at "lawyers." I have to remark, that there is in the minds of the most thoughtful citizens, below this lawyer interest—a certain consciousness, almost like a legend firmly believed in, of other and very different valuable resources of this neighborhood,—mineral and commercial ones,—which only would require some start in order to raise hilly Danbury to a position that would make it worthy to be named along with other cities built on many hills, as Richmond, Rome, Jerusalem. What foundation there exists for such expectations, I cannot judge, only this I will say, that I should be pleased at their realization as much as anybody could be, for as I said before, I really like Danbury. I heard it stated by a party from Salem visiting Danbury, some years ago, that they could get no water there. This I can hardly understand, for among other chances for getting water, there is one of the best drawwells at the side of the road one has to pass through. Here I never fail to enjoy the excellent cool, clear water, using the well fixed windlass and bucket for the purpose. The well belongs to one Mr. Blair, a thrifty citizen of Danbury, whom I had got to know already last year and now saw again. The well is in his lot, but he has made to it from the street a public "welcome," as he calls it; many people make use thereof and fetch water here. This, I thought, is a feature of the right kind of a public spirit, the spirit which builds up communities, cities and states, namely, the willingness of the individual to endure some personal loss or privation or inconvenience for the benefit of others. It was public spirit or patriotism which made Rome as great as she was, it is the public spirit of her citizens which alone can permanently raise Danbury, while her beloved lawinterest, I fear, will prove nothing but a heartless and fickle step-mother. I stopped a little while at Mr. Blair's, who was just recovering from sickness. He has a neat house; the front door is a remarkable piece of mechanism,—it can be folded and refolded into such a little space. By the way, I have noticed a peculiar fashion of making house doors all about this district. I have in no other neighborhood observed this fashion, though of course it may exist elsewhere. They evidently nail together 2 sets of boards with their grains diagonally across each other, using a multitude of nails to effect the union. This may make a very substantial door and may prevent warping, but the many hundreds of nail heads you see on the outside are not very pretty. Mr. Blair also is a rational gardener. His fruit trees that he planted are mostly of the dwarf varieties. I suppose any way, the dwarf kinds are destined yet to carry the day among the fruit trees

It was about 9 o'clock when we left Danbury, I myself walking in advance. I did hardly anything else this whole day but walk on foot, partly because of the physical delight which walking among the mountains affords, partly because now I had myself to show, or at least to find the road. I think we had to travel about 2 miles, over very rocky road, often crossing small water courses, before we saw on a pretty steep hill before us the ruins of the old Piedmont Hotel, which was burnt down some years ago. The location of this hotel could certainly not have been well better chosen,—high situation, beautiful air, very fine open prospect and nice, broad, level walks on the very ridge of a grassy hill. The much named Springs are some distance lower down the hill among laurel bushes, and near a mouldering old wooden pavilion. There is a sort of recess in the rocks, and from the one corner springs forth pure, fresh water, from the other corner a spring of chalybeate water. The water of the latter spring as far as I could judge from the taste, is by no means different from the water of our Salem mineral spring. I myself would, if anything, prefer the water of our spring. The surroundings of the Piedmont springs, are in their present state, very unpleasant. When once the remnants of what man's hand has built of a bath-house and a pavilion will have fully mouldered away and the spring will again have been returned to nature, it may again be a pleasant spot. At present it is about the last place in the world which I would advise a sick person to visit,—unless indeed damp, rotting wood and exhalations from underneath a decaying floor and the like are perhaps wholesome in some diseases. On the ridge of the hill, however, the climate is excellent,—the very place for wearied workers and toilers of various callings to recruit and to gather new strength. There is a row of nice small wooden buildings, called cabins. These can be rented for a trifle and one might occupy them for some period,—camping out, as it were, yet having a good shelter over head, and even a fire in the fireplace,—for here in the mountains the air, especially of an evening, is perceptibly cooler than in the plains. Traveling on, on the ridge of the mountains by a fairly good road,—about 2 miles from Piedmont—we see to the left the looked for hut of a man by name Chamberlain. He often acts as guide, and sells flexible sandstone. Unfortunately he was to-day away from home,—hence we could get no information as to the exact whereabouts of the Cascade. So we traveled on, and when coming to a place where a small road turned to the right we made not less than three different attempts, on foot and in the wagon, to find the Cascade, which, I thought must be about here. Our attempts were fruitless, and our prospect for finding the Cascade at all, were gloomy. So we stopped in sight of the main road and got ready our dinner. Here an unforeseen happy event took place. A man riding on a mule came passing by—the only human being whom we met for 24 hours—namely, from the time when we left Piedmont—until the next day when we crossed the Quaker Gap. Now we got all the desired information. Reinhold and I walked for nearly a mile with this our good angel, in order to make quite sure of the road beforehand—and we even climbed down to and stood before the Cascade. Then we marked the place where the last road leads off by a large C, formed of stones, a mark which was noticed, and I believe made good use of by parties coming after us to the same place. Then we walked back our wagon and to our dinner,—which, I need not tell, was wonderfully seasoned by the powers of the open nature around us. After dinner we all together went to the Cascade. This Cascade forms a scenery of really a high order. An immense high, solid rock curves like a dome over a deep rock-basin of cleanest water, whilst from about half the height of the dome, and overshadowed by it—comes a large, clear brook foaming down and pouring its waters into that same basin. This is the Cascade;—you have to descend to it into a deep rocky mountain glen. It certainly is much more than mere pretty scenery, it is a grand and beautiful sight,—it is a temple in the very recesses of nature, all the more wonderful as it is unexpected. The surroundings give no indication of its existence. The Oreads and Naiads who may ordinarily dwell about this retired place, did evidently hide for a season. At all events we saw none of them while mortals now for a good while were enjoying the cool crystal waters in their deep rocky basin—for a delightful, cooling bath. The open place above the Cascade, we were aware, is a favorite camping place. We did not camp here, however, but traveled farther. Returning first on the road which we had lately come, and then turning sharply to the right, almost doubling, we entered on the only road whereby Moore's Knob can be reached. Now it was about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the sky without a cloud; we had yet a troublesome and unknown road before us to-day. VALE.

Fresh Air and Some Wyoming Valley, Pa., Creameries and Cheese Factories.

By permission we give a few extracts from a letter written for young people, from the Wyoming Valley, Pa., showing how the poor city children were treated to fresh air, and a visit to the creameries and cheese factories:

"Our road lay for quite a while along the Lehigh river; then we passed Mauch Chunk, where from our car windows we could see the Switchback railroad up Mt. Pisgah. The rest of our journey we passed right through the beautiful Wyoming Valley, famouse not only for its charming scenery, but also for the terrible Indian massacre, during the Revolutionary War, 1778.

At Tunkhannock we changed cars. We had scarcely taken our places in the little car, for the road is narrow-guage, and so only about half as wide as an ordinary track, when a troup of sixty-five boys and girls, between four and thirteen years old, filed through the car. They were New York children from the very poorest and most unhealthiest parts of the city, sent out by the "Fresh Air Fund" to spend two weeks in the fresh air of Montrose and the surrounding farms. Each child, or "fresh air," as they call them, had a paper bundle containing his or her wardrobe, and though they all looked pale and sick, I don't think I ever saw and heard a happier set of young folks. Think of it, some of them have never seen before so much as even a blade of gross, excepting perhaps in the parks, and now for two whole weeks they will be well fed and will have nothing to do but run round in the fields and have a good time.

We visited three creameries or cheese factories, where they make butter and the great yellow cheeses we see in the stores. Every morning and evening the farmers bring their milk to the factory where it is bought by weight, and then run by pipes into large zinc lined vats surrounded by pipes of ice-water to cool the milk quickly. As soon as the cream has risen to the top, they turn a faucet and draw off the milk from the bottom of the vat. The cream is then put into a huge revolving churn and made into butter, while the milk is taken into a circular vat, set with rennet, and then cut and raked with a revolving rake of some description until the whey has all been drained off and the curds remain. These then are taken, colored yellow, salted and then pressed in zinc-lined boxes the shape of a cheese. Here they stay until firm, when they are taken out, covered with the cloth which forms the rind, and put in the drying-room where they stay until ready for market. In the drying-room of one creamery there were 251 already to be sent to New York.

ONE BOTTLE of Perry Davis's Pain Killer 25c., 50c. or $1.

Will often do Wonders for a Whole Family!

TRY IT!

MARRIED.

On the 4th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, in Davidson County, N. C., by Elder Wm. Turner, Mr. W. R. SHIELDS, of Elkin, and Miss CORA E. RAPER, of Abbott's Creek.

DIED.

In Abbott's Creek Township, Davidson County, on Friday, September 7th, Mrs. CATHERINE WEEVIL, wife of the late John C. Weevil, aged about 76 years.

In Mocksville, October 3d, 1883, Prof. RICHARD STERLING, in the 71st year of his age. Prof. STERLING was widely known and highly respected throughout this and other States as one of the leading educators of his day. He was at one time president of Edgeworth Female College, Greensboro, N. C. He taught schools of high grade in Tennessee, Indiana and other States, and was at the time of his death County Superintendent of Public Instruction for Davie county. Prof. STERLING had been in feeble health for a long time. He was stricken with paralysis about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning and died at 11 o'clock, A. M., Wednesday. Thus has passed away one of our best and most highly esteemed citizens.—*Times.*

War Begun Again!

J. C. FACC,

THE OLD RELIABLE BUTCHER,

HAS again declared war against FINE BEEF CATTLE, and has opened

A Fresh Meat Stand

in the North room of the Crosland store building, where he will keep

CHOICE BEEF,

MUTTON, LAMB, VEAL, PORK, HAMS, CORNED BEEF, TONGUE, SAUSAGE, &c., &c., &c., &c.

All goods promptly delivered free of charge to any part of the city.

Having determined to continue my business in Salem, I solicit a liberal share of patronage in town and vicinity.

I will pay the highest prices for Pork, Mutton, Veal and fat Beef Cattle.

☞ Don't forget to call on the old reliable. Respectfully,

J. C. FAGG.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 11, 1883.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Joseph Nading, deceased, are hereby notified to present them legally authenticated for payment on or before the 15th day of October, 1884, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

DAVID SHOAF, Ex'r,
of Joseph Nading.

Oct. 9th, 1383-32-6t.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

PLANTATION FOR SALE!

A tract of land containing about 112 acres, well watered, within three miles of Winston, with considerable wood land and meadow thereon, for sale. The improvements consist of a dwelling, barn and tobacco barn.

Apply to L. V. BLUM, Salem.
T. R. PURNELL, Raleigh.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—Cattle disease prevails in Cuba.

—Reading, Pa., has a water famine.

—Astronomers at the Naval Observatory are of the opinion that the comet of 1812 will soon become visible to the naked eye.

—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of Great Britain, now in this country, is the recipient of much public attention.

—It is said that ex-Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, intends to found an institution in Louisville for the cure of inebriates and opium eaters.

RUDISHEIM, Sept. 28.—The total cost of the statue of Germania, which was unveiled to-day on the Niederwald, was over one million marks. The inscription upon the monument says: "In memory of the unanimous and victorious rising of the German people, and the re-establishment of the German Empire, 1870-'71."

PARIS, Sept. 28.—As a counter demonstration to the unveiling of the statue of Germania on the Rhine by the Germans, a crowd of Parisians assembled this evening around the statue of Strasburg, in the Place de la Concorde, and indulged in patriotic cries. The demonstration passed off without any disorder.

LAWRENCE, MASS., September 27.—Owing to the low water in the Merrimac river the Everett Mills were shut down this morning. Nearly all the employes of the Lawrence Duck Mill are idle from the same cause. The Pacific, Atlantic, Washington, Pemberton and Arlington Mills are running with steam power.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$ 90 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel,	00 to 75
Oats, " "	45 to 50
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bush,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 25 to 2 50
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 65
Peas, (white,) " "	90 00 to 0 0
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	90 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 0 00
Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Country Meat, (hog round,),	00 to 00
" Hams'	00 to 00
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	12 to 00
Butter, per pound,	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	6 to 08
Beeswax, " "	00 to 30
Flax Seed, per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush,	50 to 60
Potatoes, sweet, " "	1 00 to 00
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to 00
Chickens, per dozen,	2 00 to 2 50
Hay, per hundred,	40 to 50
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs,	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	5 00 to 7 00
" Good	8 00 to 8 00
" Bright	6 00 to 7 00
" Good	0 00 to 0 00
" Fine	12 00 to 20 00
Fillers Common	5 50 to 7 50
" Good	12 00 to 15 00
" Fine	15 00 to 20 00
Wrappers Common	20 00 to 25 00
" Good	25 00 to 35 00
" Fine	25 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	55 00 to 65 00

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries, pitted,	17 cents.
Damsons, Plums,	10 "
Whortleberries,	10 "
Blackberries,	7 "
Quarter Apples,	4 to 5 "
Sliced Apples, common,	5 to 6 "
Sliced Apples, bright,	4 to 5 "
Dark Peeled Peaches,	2 to 4 "
Bright " "	7 to 9 "
Fancy " "	10 to 12 "
Quarters, unpeeled,	3 "
Halves " "	4 "

STANDARD LAUNDRY WAX

Preserves Linen, gives a beautiful finish, prevents the iron from sticking, saves labor.

5 Cents a Cake.

Ask your Storekeeper for it.

Made by

Standard Oil Co.,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

August 9, 1883—3 mos.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

FIRST CALL, 1883.

FOR the purpose of collecting the State and County Taxes assessed in Forsyth county, I will commence my first call on the 24th day of September, 1883, at

Jos. Beeson's Ab. Creek,	Monday, Sept.	24
Kernersville,	Tuesday do	25
Crim's Cross Roads,	Wednes., do	26
Harden Hazlips,	Thursday, do	27
Lews Bittings,	Friday, do	28
Old Town,	Saturday, do	29
Winston,	Monday, Oct.	1
Benj. Hampton's,	Tuesday. do	2
Lewisville.	Wednes. do	3
Brookstown,	Thursday do	4
E. L. Reed's,	Friday, do	5
Salem,	Saturday do	6
Clinard's Old Stand,	Monday, do	8
Alson Stewart's,	Tuesday, do	9

After the above dates there will be costs on all the uncollected 1882 tax, if the Deputies choose to collect it.

The Tax assessed is 61½ on every $100 valuation of Property, and $1.85 on the Poll.

AUG FOGLE, Sheriff.

Sept. 20, 1883.—38

$100.00 A WEEK!

We can guarantee the above amount to good, active, energetic

AGENTS!

Ladies as well as gentlemen, make a success in the business. Very little capital required. We have a household article as saleable as flour.

It Sells Itself!

It is used every day in every family. You do not need to explain its merits. There is a rich harvest for all who embrace this golden oppertunity. It costs you only one cent to learn what our business is. Buy a postal card and write to us and we will send you our prospectus and full particulars

FREE!

And we know you will derive more good than you have any idea of. Our reputation as a manufacturing company is such that we can not afford to deceive. Write to us on a postal and give your address plainly and receive full particulars.

BUCKEYE M'F'G CO.,
Marion, Ohio.

Sept. 20, 1883.—38-1y.

Send for Prices of *PRINTING of EVERY DESCRIPTION*, to SALEM PRINTING OFFICE. Best Work and Reasonable Prices.

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully,

HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: $1, six bottles for $5.

Corporation Taxes.

I am now ready to receive the Corporation Taxes. Tax payers will please call at H. W. Fries' Store and pay.

L. N. CLINARD, Collector.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 1, 1883.

JUST RECEIVED AT SALEM BOOKSTORE,

"Whispering Pines,"

AND OTHER POEMS BY

JOHN HENRY BONER,

A NATIVE OF SALEM, N. C.

Everybody should have a copy of the book

PRICE 75 CENTS.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address, Taue & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

CONTINENTAL HOOF OINTMENT

CURES

CRACKED HOOFS, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES and SORES

IN

HORSES, CATTLE and SHEEP.

Ask your Storekeeper for it, or write direct to the Manufacturers.

AMERICAN LUBRICATING OIL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

5 CENTS. MUSIC 5 CENTS.

Just received at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE,

a choice lot of

SHEET MUSIC

at the low price of

5 Cents a Copy.

The following is a partial list:

Kathleen Mavourneen.
Cradle Song, - - - *Mendelssohn.*
I Love my Love, - - *Pinsuti.*
Then You'll Remember Me, *Balfe.*
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, - - - - *Knight.*
Tapping at the Garden Gate.
Robin Adair.
Watchman tell us of the Night, *Gounod.*
Nearer my God to Thee, - *Barton.*
Old Oaken Bucket.
Il Trovatore.
Maiden's Prayer, and others.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

Put on the Golden Crown.
Old Nicker Demus.
Baby Joe, and others.

This music is full size and in clear and neat impressions, fully as good as the higher priced sheets.

NOTICE.

SALE OF A

VALUABLE FARM.

BY virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, I will sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, to the highest bidder, on the premises, on

Saturday, 13th day of October, 1883, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

a valuable tract of land belonging to the estate of Henry Shoaf, dec'd, situated in said county, about four miles south of Winston, on the Salisbury road.

Said tract contains altogether

146 ACRES,

more or less, with a GOOD DWELLING, GOOD BARN and STABLES and OUT-HOUSES and a *first rate* ORCHARD.

A portion of said tract is cleared and in a good state of cultivation, the remainder mostly wood lands,—native forest.

A rare chance will be offered to any one wishing a *good home near town.*

TERMS: One-half cash, balance on credit of 6 months with bond and approved security, and title retained till purchase money is paid.

W. B. STAFFORD,
Adm'r of Henry Shoaf.

September 11th, 1883.—37-5w.

—The largest and most complete assortment of

ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES

ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

ONE DOLLAR BOOKS.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,
" " Washington and other Generals,
Dickens' Child's History of England,
POEMS, from 60 cents to $1.00.

BIRTHDAY BOOKS.

Cooper's Pilot,
Swiss Family Robinson,
Robinson Crusoe,
Arabian Knights,
Captain Kid,
1,000 Miles Walk,
Louis Philippe,
Heart of Steel, (Fisher),
Michælmas Daisy,
Peter the Whaler,
Scottish Chiefs,
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,
Sam Slick, Plants of the Bible,
Vicar of Wakefield, Apple Blossoms,
Lalla Rookh, Talking Leaves,
Paradise Lost, Euphrates and Tigris,
Picciola, John Eax,
Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures,
Charlotte and Lucy Temple,
and a large lot of valuable books at prices far below cost.

Don't neglect this opportunity of buying books at AUCTION PRICES.

Books sent by mail, postage will be added. Sent postage free at regular retail prices.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., April 12, 1883.

SUMMER READING.

NEW BOOKS

AT

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

PAPER BINDING.

Mongrels,	20c.
Honest Davie,	20c.
One May Day,	20c.
Wanda,	50c.
Colin Clout's Calendar,	25c.
Hyperion,	20c.
Outre-Mer,	20c.
Tricks of the Greeks,	20c.
Old Creole Days, 2 vols.,	20c.
Beyond Recall,	25c.
Democracy,	30c.
In the Olden Time,	25c.
Matrimony,	30c.
Story of Carnival,	25c.
Her Dearest Foe,	25c.
Golden Fleece,	30c.

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Date Aug. 26, 1883.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 30 a m	4 30 p m
" Salisbury	5 24 a m	6 36 p m
" High Point	6 45 a m	7 21 p m
Arrive Greensboro	7 25 a m	7 54 p m
Leave Greensboro	10 05 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	12 14 p m	.....
" Durham	12 54 p m	.....
" Raleigh	2 10 p m	.....
Leave "	2 25 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	5 00 p m	.....

No. 15—Daily, except Sunday. Leave Greensboro 12 15 p. m. Arrive at Raleigh 8 45 p. m. Arrive Goldsboro 1 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West of Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. daily.

Nos 51 and 53 connect at Greensboro with R. & D. & R. R. and for all points on Salem Branch.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

| Date, Aug

SOME FEMALE SMUGGLERS.

HOW UNCLE SAM IS DEFP UDED OUT OF LARGE SUMS

Women's Cunning Devices to escape Detection by Custom House Officers---A Detective's Experience.

"Do ladies indulge in amateur smuggling?" a New York reporter inquired of a custom house detective.

"All of them don't, and some are so overconscientious that they even offer to pay duty on non-dutiable goods. But human nature is the same, whether it is a fashionable dressmaker or the wife of a prominent clergyman, like the one who had twenty yards of fine Valenciennes lace tucked in her petticoat.

"Are the ladies cunning in the devices they adopt?"

"Their ingenuity is unbounded. Take for instance the case of Madame Leone, the fashionable modiste, who was arrested for smuggling some time ago. She declared that she was an actress and that the dresses which she attempted to pass through without paying duty formed her theatrical wardrobe and were entitled to be sent in free under the section relating to tools of trade. She showed a contract in which she was engaged to perform the leading male roles in a number of plays. On the trial this contract was proved to be a forgery.

"Ladies will bring sealskin sacques in the middle of summer and wear them when the thermometer is in the nineties, simply to be able to swear that they have been worn. I remember a lady who wore a brand new camel's hair shawl valued at $2,500. In her trunk was another shawl of the same material worth about $500. She claimed to own both of them, but the dearer one was confiscated and never afterwards called for. It was subsequently ascertained that the person who had given her the commission had made her a present of the cheaper shawl with the understanding that she was to get the other one through free.

"Another device of the ladies is to fold new dresses inside of their old ones, and it takes an experienced eye to detect the fraud. In one case a lady covered a $500 Worth dress with an ordinary calico wrapper much the worse for wear. I knew that she was too aristocratic to wear anything so humble as calico, and that awakened my suspicions. Had she taken one of her ordinary wearing dresses instead of her servant's the fraud might have been successful. Some ladies do not hesitate to resort to trunks with false bottoms. One trunk in particular had false sides as well, and when I pulled a couple of screws out it all came to pieces."

"Do you ever arrest the ladies whom you catch in the attempt to smuggle?"

"No. The only case of arrest that I remember of is that of Mme. Leone. We are contented to confiscate the goods. We send the articles to the public store and the owners can obtain them either by paying the duty or proving under oath that no duty is due. We take that course even in cases of suspicion, and I admit that innocent passengers sometimes suffer delay and hardships on this account. We must be extra cautious or Uncle Sam's revenue would be seriously diminished. You have an idea of our work when I say that over $80,000 are annually collected at the docks of the various steamships for duty on baggage brought over by the passengers. This is exclusive of what passes through the custom-house in the ordinary course of business. How large an amount the government is defrauded of in the year by people who would be horrified to be called smugglers and who are not professionally engaged in the illegal trade I cannot pretend to say."

"Have you had much experience with the tricks and devices of professional smugglers?"

"I should say I did," replied the detective, with a smile, as he took from his desk a hollow boot-heel fashioned of iron, to which was attached an iron clamp, and showed it to the reporter.

"Do you see this? That clamp was fastened to a woman's boot after the leather heel of the latter had been removed. Then this iron heel was filled with diamonds and screwed to the clamp. The shape and color are exactly like that of an ordinary heel, and were it not that the smuggler's nervousness betrayed him he might have defrauded the government out of about $5,000 in duty."

Old Methods of Lighting.

Young and even middle-aged people accustomed to the convenience of the modern lucifer-match, can hardly imagine the time when the tinder-box, with its clumsy flint and steel and broad brimstone matches, was the only means of procuring a light. Some people were more skilful than others in striking a light and blowing the spark and match to a flame; but often on a wintry morning it was weary work with the servant who had to kindle the first fire if the tinder happened to be damp, or worn out, or the flint and steel "in a temper." Indeed, in some houses a rushlight was in some bedroom or other always burnt, so that in case of sudden illness, or any disaster, there might be light ready. The rushlight, having, as its name implies, a rush wick, was about fifteen inches long, and was burnt in a huge perforated shade; it was the "farthing rushlight," which very poor people were said to use for other purposes than a night-light. The picture of a half-starved seamstress in her garret would, in those days, have been incomplete without the thin rush candle; but its flame was so feeble that I can hardly fancy any eyes could have served to thread a needle by it.—*London Society.*

Not in Harmony.

Mr. and Mrs. Widgeon do not live in harmony. They live in Austin. They fight more or less every day in the week, and we infer from the following that Mrs. Widgeon is not entirely to blame, as her husband causes her to become angry every once in a while.

They attended church last Sunday, and after the service was over and they were quietly walking homeward, he asked her:

"Mrs. Widgeon, you know why the preachers always pray for the widows and orphans, and never for the widowers?"

"I don't," wonderingly replied Mrs. Widgeon.

"I'll tell you. The preachers know very well that the widowers, instead of needing prayers, should offer up 'thanks.'"

There was a sound of revelry by night in the Widgeon mansion.—*Texas Siftings.*

In a series of tables giving the average expectation of life at different ages, Dr. Farr not only accepts one hundred years as a recorded age, but says that the average duration of life after passing that age is, in women, one year, nine months and three days, and in men about one month less.

New York eats $5,000,000 worth of oysters a year, Philadelphia $3,500,000, and Boston $1,750,000.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Disease in the Vineyard.

The rot is seriously affecting many vineyards in different sections of the country. The cause of the disease, the prevention and cure, are subjects of constant investigation and discussion among vine growers.

There exists considerable diversity of opinion in regard to this rot. A few points, however, seem to be very generally accepted. These will be noted:

First—The leading varieties of the Labrusca family, as the Concord, Ives, Hartford, Iona, etc., are most subject to disease.

Second—This disease is more prevalent than formerly, affecting many varieties heretofore considered exempt.

Third—The disease is liable to develop at any time from the setting of the fruit until it is full size.

Fourth—That the causes of grape rot are largely atmospheric, chiefly alternations of heat and moisture.

Fifth—That the disease shows the presence of fungus action.

Sixth—The most effective remedies yet known are sulphur, bagging and close summer pruning.

George Husmann, acknowledged authority on all matters pertaining to grape culture, thinks that mildew is the principal cause of the gray rot that is generally found on berries, the stems of which have already been affected by mildew. Early summer pruning is advised by him as a preventive of mildew, with a dusting of sulphur applied by means of bellows over the vines. The gray rot, also called grape cholera, first appears in gray streaks on the berries. In a few days it turns to a grayish-blue color, withers and drops from the bunch. It continues to affect berries until they begin to ripen and color, but is confined to comparatively few varieties, among which are numbered the Catawba and Diana.

The spotted or brown rot, a destructive disease of late appearing among the Concord, Martha, Rogers' hybrids and others of the Labrusuas, seems to make a small puncture on the berry which takes on a liver-colored hue and spreads rapidly. Mr. Husmann recommends for this form of rot longer fall pruning and close early summer pruning, as it is worse on vines with a rank growth. Training on the trellis higher than is generally followed will, in his opinion, prove a partial preventive; in short, anything which will give a freer circulation of air and more exposure to the light will be of aid. Another form of rot appearing frequently on the Herbemont, Lenoir and Hermann, generally comes after frequent showers, close sultry air and hot sunshine after the showers. It appears in grayish spots on the foliage, which shrivels, and the berries dry up as if scalded. It comes in spots. Sometimes all the fruit on one arm will be destroyed, while that on the other arm on the same vine is healthy and all of it will ripen.

Addison Kelley, of Kelley's Island, Ohio, says that the most successful remedy tried on the island for mildew rot is sulphur; one part sulphur and two parts fine lime or plaster, well mixed, twenty-four hours previous to using. This preparation is used for the first application; afterward equal parts of each. It is blown on by bellows from the 22d to 26th of the months of June, July and August. He thinks the weather has little to do with this rot.

Mr. Bateman, of Ohio, claims that excess of moisture and vigor in the vines induces rot; therefore, for black rot the best preventive is to keep the roots dry and thus shut off the excessive supply of sap.

A number of prominent fruit-growers approve of the narrow roofing of boards or canvas covers over the grape trellis, believing that these protections keep off mildew and lessen the liabilities to rot. It is generally conceded that bagging the grapes as soon as the fruit is set will prevent rot on the clusters covered.

By the foregoing it will be perceived that there is, as yet, no certain preventive or cure for this troublesome disease, hence the best method of avoiding rot is to plant varieties not subject to it, in localities and soils best adapted to grape culture.—*New York World.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Chicks should not be fed immediately after they are hatched.

Where the grass is not dewy sheep should have drink. Salt once a week is needful.

Remove the weeds from the highways skirting your farms before the seeds mature.

Mr. Isaac Bearse, of Meddybemps, Me., whose farm is situated in woods, credits crows with keeping his potato field free from beetles.

A half bushel of lime and eight pounds of powdered sulphur make a whitewash for trees and outbuildings to kill insects. Put some on chicken roosts.

Leading members of the Kansas State Horticultural society agree upon the following distances apart to plant trees: Apple trees, thirty-two feet each way is none too much; pear, standards, sixteen feet; dwarfs, ten feet; peach, twenty feet; plum, ten feet; cherry, twenty feet.

Every fowl-house should face the south, and, if possible, be upon dry ground. Any available ground protected by groves, hedges, stone walls, or by buildings of any kind, may be used for this purpose. Fowls suffer very much from cold storms and wind, and any protection against these is very valuable as a preventive of colds and croup.

Harris, in his "Talks on Manure," says: We draw out a ton of fresh manure and spread it on the land in order to furnish the growing crops with twelve and three-quarter pounds of nitrogen, six and a half pounds of phosphoric acid and thirteen and a half pounds of potash—less than thirty-three pounds in all! He says we should try and make a richer barnyard manure, because it costs no more to draw out and spread a ton of manure containing sixty pounds of nitrogen, and the other essentials in like proportion.

An agricultural paper which strongly advocates the use of air-slacked lime as a fertilizer says: Lime is the driving wheel in the manurial laboratory, starting all the rest into action, and imparting to a soil that life and power that is necessary in the production of good crops. Application of lime should be made every four or five years, and organic matter in some form every year, and if this is done any land will produce paying crops. The farmer who has not tried it should go about it at once.

The editors of the *Journal of Comparative Medicine and Surgery*, a veterinary magazine, in an answer to a Texas correspondent, object to the continued administration of sulphur to animals for the purpose of curing skin diseases or destroying parasitic insects. They say that it is dangerous, as "it has produced rheumatism in man and beast" when used long and freely. They recommend in place of sulphur carbolic acid or white precipitate ointment, one dram to an ounce of lard. This is safer, and more sure to destroy lice and ticks.

A writer in *Gardening Illustrated* finds broken pieces of bones of value for use in draining pots. The plants suck the fertilizing quality out of the bones, and make a more vigorous growth than plants drained with broken crockery. The experiments have been continued for three years, and so marked has been the superiority in the growth of the plants in the pots supplied with bones that the gardener could tell at once which they were, before examining them, by the luxriant growth.

Potatoes Recipes by Miss Corson.

SMALL POTATOES, STEWED.—Wash small potatoes of even size, rubbing the skins off with a cloth if they are new, or peeling them smoothly and thinly; put them over the fire in sufficient actually boiling water to cover them, with a tablespoonful of salt, and boil them fast, only until they are tender enough to pierce with a fork; then at once drain them, dust them with pepper and salt, and pour over them two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted by gentle heat, for each pint of potatoes; shake them gently to distribute the butter evenly, and then serve them very hot.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel and slice a quart of potatoes quite thin, and drop them into cold water as they are sliced; put two heaping tablespoonfuls of lard or sweet drippings into a thick frying-pan, then put in the potatoes without draining them, season them with pepper and salt, put a cover over them, and cook them for about fifteen minutes, or until they are tender, stirring them frequently to insure even cooking, and prevent burning; then serve them hot.

FRIED HASHED POTATOES.—Peel half a dozen cold boiled potatoes, slice them thin, and cut them in small dice; put two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet drippings in a frying pan over the fire, and when the fat begins to smoke put in the potatoes; season them rather lightly with pepper and salt, stir them occasionally to prevent burning, brown them quickly, and serve them hot. Small bits of cold ham or bacon can be fried with the potatoes, to vary the flavor of the dish.

MASHED POTATOES.—Peel and slice a quart of potatoes, put them over the fire in sufficient boiling water to cover them, with a tablespoonful of salt, and boil them only until tender; then drain them; add to them the yolk of a raw egg, a tablespoonful of butter, a palatable seasoning of salt, and quarter of a saltspoonful each of white pepper and nutmeg, and either mash them smoothly with a potato masher, or beat them with a fork; then put them lightly on a dish and serve them hot.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—Peel and slice the potatoes, put them into cold water containing a tablespoonful of salt, or a bit of alum as large as a grain of corn to each quart, and let them stand over night, or for several hours. Heat a frying kettle half full of fat; drain the potatoes, and dry them on a clean towel; when the fat is smoking hot put in the potatoes, fry them golden brown, and then take them up with a skimmer and put them into a colander; sprinkle them with salt, shake them thoroughly, and then serve them.

They Had Met Before.

Her aristocratic manner and rich, elaborate toilet seemed somewhat out of place in the plebeian surroundings of the Fifth avenue stage which she entered at Forty-second street yesterday. Drawing her skirts about her she retired as far as possible into a corner seat, and gazed persistently out of the window. On the opposite side sat a neatly attired young man with carefully waxed mustache, very white hands and an air generally suggestive of the clergy. He glanced at the fair vision in the corner from time to time in a reproachful manner. She looked furtively at him from beneath her lashes, and, with a pretty puckering of her brow seemed trying to recall at which of the summer resorts she had met him. That his face was familiar was evident, and finally deciding that he rightfully belonged to the army of summer captives that had laid their hearts at her feet, she concluded to end his misery by recognizing him. He was well dressed, apparently well bred, and undoubtedly belonged to Murray Hill. So, turning, with a little start of recognition, their eyes met and she bowed stiffly. He seemed delighted, and changing his seat to her side, he said:

"You are very kind to remember me."

"Oh, no," she replied, with an air of polite reserve, as she tried to place him. "I recall perfectly the pleasant occasion on which we met."

A few commonplaces followed and, emboldened at his success, the gentleman said gravely as he drew forth a pink-tinted card:

"I hope you will permit me to call upon you again. I shall be happy to serve you."

She glanced at the card, a wave of color swept over her face, and drawing down her veil she jerked the strap, and flounced out of the stage with the precipitancy of a batted baseball. The address upon the card read: "H. Bilfinger, chiropodist. Corns and bunions extracted without pain or loss of blood."—*New York World.*

Pathetic Incidents at Ischia.

In describing some of the scenes and incidents attending the excavation of the dead and living at Ischia, a correspondent says: A boy of twelve had just been found, not hurt, but wandering among the ruins, looking for the spot where his home had been. I asked him whom he had lost. "They're all gone," he said, "father and mother and everybody." Two young girls who had been buried for three days, said when they were dug out: "Ah, you do not know what it is to be buried in the dark for ten hours." They had no idea of the real time which had elapsed. One of the most touching incidents which came under my knowledge was that of a father distractedly urging on the work of the excavators on the spot where he had lost his little son. He was calling the child's name in hoarse and trembling tones, when suddenly a little voice was heard from amid the broken masonry: "I am here, papa. Don't be afraid; take courage."

Well Acquainted.

"What!" ask me if I know Bill Wittleson," exclaimed a man, turning upon a questioner. "Know him! I'm better a quainted with him than his father is. Why, I shot a piece of his nose off last week. See that place? That's where he got into me with a knife. Bill is one of the most sociable fellows in the world. Know him! well, I should snort."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

It is said that the cotton mills in Alabama paid, last year, a dividend of fifteen per cent. The iron industries in that State are also said to be in a flourishing condition.

WISE WORDS.

Being less annoyed at the defects of others is one of the best proofs that we are approaching freedom from defects ourselves.

The bleakest adversity may bear us to prosperity. The Arctic wanderer may be floated into a warm latitude on an island of ice.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation. They do not take anything for their own use, but merely pass it to another.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence is not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.

The finer the nature the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its great nobleness, liable to a bitter blight.

There is a monotony in the affections, which people living together, so very frequently seeing each other, are apt to get into; a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile, patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and upon good grounds.

The Bicycle.

The bicycle has ceased to be merely a costly plaything. It has become one of the great practical conveniences of life—a cheap substitute for a horse in full, or in part. So it is found to be in Great Britain, where the machines in use are estimated at scores of thousands.

In emergencies it can outstrip the horse, carrying its rider and necessary luggage from fifty to seventy miles a day with but little fatigue to the former, and of course none to itself. Every step on the wheel carries the person two and a half times as far as in walking. Moreover, the legs do not have the weight of the body, and hence their strength is reserved for their proper work.

Says a writer in the *British Medical Journal*. "On a level the muscular exertion is almost nothing; on a decline it is absolutely nothing; hence it is left for the inclined part of the road for real work. And here again, if the hill is steep, muscular power is saved, in that it is varied by a dismount and a pleasant walk to the top."

The number who now use the machine in the United States and Canada exceeds 120,000. Many tourists substitute it for the steam car, and become thereby better acquainted with the country and its people.

A writer in the New York *Medical Journal* advises its use for sanitary purposes—the exercise being varied, well distributed and taken in the open air and sunshine. It strengthens the arms, broadens the chest and develops the muscles of the back, loins and legs. It may be prescribed for many to whom horseback-riding would be advisable. Further, no sport can be more antagonistic to the vice of drunkenness. To learn to ride one requires a steady head.

An objection has been raised to the bicycle that the usual position of the body, when driving it at full speed, compresses the lungs. This position can be avoided, or made only incidental. Air is the life of the lungs, and this bicycling gives them.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Thrilling Adventure.

A party on the Rocky Mountain division of the Northern Pacific railroad have had a thrilling adventure which they would not care to repeat. They were on an open car which was standing still on an exceedingly steep grade. Suddenly one of the gentleman saw that a train of cars was dashing down upon them at frightful speed. It consisted of an engine weighing 80,000 pounds, and eight cars heavily laden with iron. There was no time to get the party off the car, and to remain still was almost certain death. With great presence of mind one of the gentlemen loosened the brake of the car, which at once began to run down the hill. It was now a race for life, and the ladies of the party were almost wild with fright. Soon the freight train caught up with the car, but the velocity of both being almost the same, little damage was done, and at last all reached the bottom of the decline in safety.

Popular Sayings from Pope.

Shoot folly as it flies.
Lo, the poor Indian!
Whatever is, is right.
Damn with faint praise.
Order is Heaven's first law.
Guide, philosopher and friend.
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.
To err is human, to forgive divine.
Mistress of herself, though China fall.
Honor and fame from no condition rise.
Look through nature up to nature's God.
The proper study of mankind is man.
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole.
Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.
Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, etc.
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength.

The area of Dakota Territory is 96,500,000, or just four times that of the State of Ohio. Her population is 250,000, and constantly increasing.

Williamson county, Tenn., produces, among other big things, tomatoes measuring sixteen inches in circumference and weighing two pounds.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are at present four large arks about a dozen small companies in California engaged in the distillation of borax, of which about 3,000 tons are annually produced.

Perack, in the Malay peninsula now produces about as much tin every year as Cornwall. Last year Perack exported not less than 7,000 tons of that valuable metal. In the mining works there are 40,000 Chinese employed at present.

To insure the safety of any one compelled to descend into cesspools or places filled with foul gas it is necessary to lower, by means of a string or wire, a tin pan (or other flat vessel) containing a small quanity of ordinary gunpowder, and then ignite that by dropping live coals on it. After the explosion it is well to lower a lighted candle to the bottom. If it continues to burn it can be taken as a sure test that all danger is removed, and the descent can safely be made.

Ferns, of which several thousand species have been described, formed a very important part of the earth's vegetation in early geological ages, as is apparent from remains brought to light in the coal fields. They now grow all over the world, but especially in the warm and moist climates. In the Antilles they comprise about one-tenth of the vegetation; in Oceanica, about one-fourth or one-fifth; in St. Helena, one-third; in Juan Fernandez, one-half, and in England, one-thirty-fifth.

The following statistics as to the number of men employed in various branches of activity are published by the minister of commerce in France: 342 coal mines, employing 106,415 hands; 1,035 turf cutting works, employing 27,977 hands; 355 iron mines, employing 8,468 hands; 60 other metallurgical mines, employing 4,422 hands; and 359 iron works, employing 57,000 hands. There are 412 establishments employed in the manufacture of china and pottery, employing 17,408 hands; 162 of glass and crystal, employing 24,421 hands; 536 of paper and cards, employing 32,658 hands. There are 619 gas works, employing 10,575 hands. 157 candle works, employing 3,603 hands; 339 soap factories, employing 3,500 hands; 512 sugar factories, employing 63,526 hands; and 5,024 textile works, employing 353,383 hands.

The *Unim Medicale* asserts that some persons are sensitive to impressions of color from sounds. It states that Doctor Nussbaumer, of Vienna, was the first to note this peculiarity, which existed in one of his brothers. Doctor Perrono, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, has studied it recently in one of his friends with these results: A sharp note produces a brighter and a flat note a darker impression of color. Music from different instruments gives different chromatic sensations. A melody played upon the saxophone gave the impression of yellow; upon the clarionet, red; upon the piano, blue. All sounds, musical or otherwise, give impressions in these cases proportioned to their intensity. The human voice gives more delicate impressions; in chanting they were more marked, the predominating colors being yellow, green, red and blue. "The seat of the color," said M. Perdron's patient, "is seen where the sound comes from; but whether I see the person or not the color is the same. With my eyes closed I think of the color produced, and there is no change, whether the sound comes through partitions, walls or other obstacles. In their singing, I notice a multitude of colors formed in small points above the head of the choristers."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Mesmer first published his doctrines concerning mesmerism in 1766.

The milk of the three cows in Sitka, Alaska, is sold at eighty cents a quart.

The largest cow in America, so termed by the Western press, belongs to John Pratt, of Chase county, Kansas. She is three years old and weighs 3,200 pounds.

While Michael Davitt was in Portland prison somebody sent him some flower seeds taken from an Egyptian tomb, and when planted they blossomed. This is the second recent instance of obtaining flowers from seeds thousands of years old.

A novel method is adopted in China to protect carrier pigeons from birds of prey. An apparatus made of about ten small bamboo tubes is attached to the pigeon's tail in such a way that a shrill whistling sound is produced by the rush of air across the tubes.

The arastras used in some of the Nevadan mines are run by sand. A windmill runs a belt containing a great number of buckets, and these carry the sand up to a big tank, just as grain elevators carry wheat to a flouring mill. A stream of sand being let out upon the overshot wheel, it revolves just as it would under the weight of a stream of water, and the arastras move steadily on at their work. When there is much wind the sand is stored up for use when calm prevails, so the arastras are never idle. After a sufficient quantity of sand has been accumulated there is no more trouble on that score, the same sand being used over and over.

Captain Webb's death at Niagara recalls the similar fate of a man in Sicily just 100 years ago. Ficholas, surnamed "the diver," on account of his many wonderful exploits, undertook in the presence of thousands of spectators to dive to the bottom of the Sicilian gulf, where there is a dangerous whirlpool, and bring up something which had been thrown in. He made the attempt and succeeded. Again something more precious was thrown in, and he again succeeded. Finding that in the second attempt he encountered some submarine difficulties which he had not expected, he declined to make another attempt, but, a Sicilian nobleman throwing in a gold cup studded with brilliants as the prize, he dived into the surf and was never seen again.

A Month Fatal to French Kings.

The Comte de Chambord died in a month that has proved fatal to many kings of France. Philip I. died on August 3, 1060; Louis VI. died on August 1, 1108; Louis IX. on August 25, 1226; Philip VI. on August 23, 1328; Louis XI. on August 30, 1461; Henry III. on August 2, 1589. Louis Philippe also died in this country in exile on August 26, 1850. The 24th of August, the date of the Comte de Chambord's death, is also that of the birth of the Count of Paris, in 1838, a fact which will perhaps afford food for speculation in the believers in omens. It is, moreover, the anniversary of the massacre of St. Barthol mew.—*St. James Gazette.*

A bell weighing 3,333 pounds, the largest one ever made on the Pacific coast, was cast recently at Mare Island navy yard for a fog-signal alarm on Alcatraz island.

"Why do you put those horrid wooden things on the necks of those cows?" asked the young lady boarder of Farmer Furrow, as he was driving a yoke of oxen down the lane. "That's to make 'em keep still while I'm milkin' 'em," said the old man, as he winked at his wife. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the city maiden; "I ought to have known that." Then she ran upstairs to enter the information in her diary.—*The Dairy.*

Every telegraph operator who sends 500 average messages a day—and this is a fair day's work—makes 360,000 motions.

Canadian Bazaar.

Mr. John Osborne, Musical Bazaar, Toronto, Canada, writes that his wife was cured of rheumatism by the great pain-banisher, St. Jacobs Oil; that he has found it an invaluable remedy for many ailments.

Marwood, the English hangman, it is estimated, hanged nearly 100 persons, receiving $50 for every man and $75 for every woman.

If you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are bilious, and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

WHEAT soaked with strychnine is one of the weapons for killing sparrows.

FRONT ROYAL, Va.—Dr. G. H. Hill says: "Brown's Iron Bitters seems to give general satisfaction. I recommend it strongly."

MORE beer is drank per capita in Milwaukee than in any other city in the world.

A Bonanza Mine

Of health is to be found in Dr. R.V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

THE pension payments for this year will amount to $100 000 0 0.

OTTAWA, Ill.—Dr. T. A. Smurr says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give entire satisfaction."

IT is estimated that there are 85,000 words in the English language.

No disease can show such quick results as Heart Disease; do not delay, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is a specific. $1 per bottle at druggists.

MORE fine cattle are being imported into Kansas this year than ever before.

BOSTON, Sept. 7, 1883.—COSTAR CO., 405 Broome St.: Goods received to-day. Send us 5 packages Costar's Exterminators for Insects; and after giving it a thorough trial (as we have the Roach Est.), we will gladly send a letter recommending both articles. Yours truly, R. MARSTON & CO., 17 Beattie St.

Office of C. Browning & Co., Wholesale Clothiers, 502 and 504 Broadway, New York, Oct. 25, 1883.—COSTAR COMPANY, 405 Broome St.: We have used your Exterminators for Insects and Moths the past year with most satisfactory results. We consider it far superior to camphor, petroleum, paper or anything else we ever tried. We cheerfully recommend it to all clothing houses. Very respectfully yours, WM. C. BROWNING & CO. Sold by grocers, druggists and general stores.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, Pa., and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

CATARRH AND HAY FEVER—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer with hay fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle. Have had no return of the complaint. CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y. (Price 50 cents per bottle).

25 Cents

Will buy a TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. Book of 100 pages, valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid. NEW YORK HORSE BOOK CO., 134 Leonard Street, New York City.

Carbo-lines.

He wins at last who builds his trust
In loving words and actions just.
Who's head, who's walk, his very mien,
Proclaim the use of Carboline.

Gastrine.

All unpleasant feelings, the result of interrupted digestion, are speedily removed by GASTRINE. All druggists.

Dr. Stites, Brooklyn, N. Y., was cured by Dr. Elmore's Rheumatine-Gontaline of very severe Rheumatism and kidney disease of several years' standing, after trying everything else without benefit.

Ladies, buy for your husbands, brothers and sons Chrolithion collars and cuffs, and save trouble in washing.

Why use a gritty, muddy, disagreeable article when Hood's Sarsaparilla, so pure, so clear, so delightful, can be obtained. 100 doses $1.00.

"Buchu-Paiba."

The Quick, complete cure, annoying Kidney, Bladder, Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs, ants, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. D'g'sts.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic fever-ishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

MESSMAR'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime	7	@	9¼
Calves, com'n to prime veals	7	@	8½
Sheep	4½	@	5¾
Lambs	6½	@	7¾
Hogs—Live	5¼	@	6
Dressed, city	6¾	@	8
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 25	@	6 25
West, good to choice	4 00	@	7 00
Wheat—No 2 Red	1 15½	@	1 16¼
No. 1 White	1 10	@	1 10¾
Rye—State	76	@	77
Barley—Two-rowed State	82	@	90
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed.	51	@	53
Yellow Southern	59	@	65
Oats—White State	35	@	42
Mixed Western	26	@	35
Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy	65	@	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	50	@	75
Lard—City Steam	8 40	@	8 40
Butter—State Creamery	22	@	23½
Dairy	18	@	21
West. Im. Creamery	13	@	16
Factory	9½	@	14½
Cheese—State Factory	8½	@	10¾
Skims	2	@	4
Western	6	@	8½
Eggs—State and Penn	21½	@	24
Potatoes—State bbl	1 25	@	1 62
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Good to Choice	5 87	@	6 12
Lambs—Western	5 00	@	7 00
Sheep—Western	4 75	@	00
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks,	5 75	@	5 85
Flour—C'y ground n. process.	7 50	@	8 00
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 12	@	1 21
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New	51	@	51
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	33	@	35
Barley—Two-rowed State	78	@	80
BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	13 00	@	1 50
Hogs—Live	5¾	@	6¼
Northern Dressed	7¾	@	7
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	14 50	@	15 00
Flour—Winter Wheat patents	7 00	@	7 10
Corn—High Mixed	63	@	70
Oats—Extra White	47	@	50
Rye—State	75	@	80
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	6 50	@	6 75
Sheep—Live weight	3¾	@	6¾
Lambs	5	@	6¾
Hogs—Northern, d. w	6	@	6¾
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	5 00	@	12
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 15	@	1 1¾
Rye—State	64	@	67
Corn—State Yellow	58	@	62
Oats—Mixed	40	@	41
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	20	@	10
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	9¾	@	10

Female M. D.'s

Are having quite a success, says a Mrs. THRALL. I have been practicing medicine for thirty years, and have had some very difficult cases. I know of one man who came from England. His was a severe case of kidney complaint. He was a great sufferer, and had almost given up hopes of finding relief. After he had used four bottles of the medicine I gave him he was relieved through the natural channel of a piece of oxolate of lime calculus fully as large as a hazel nut, of a very irregular shape, somewhat like a grain of corn when popped open. It was of a dark brown color. It passage was of course accompanied by very severe and cutting pains. I am pleased to say he is a well man now. A full account of the matter appeared in the "Banner of Light" at the time, and was much commented on by the medical fraternity.

Not long ago I had three or four cases of dropsy. One of them lived twenty miles from here. In these cases sometimes the persons swell to an enormous size.

I could enumerate any number of persons who have despaired of getting well, and I have cured them, as I prescribe a never-failing medicine—one that I have used in all a milar cases for six years, namely, Hunt's Remedy; and I give it to them in the original package, and after the most thorough and exhaustive provings I am fully convinced of its superior merits and specific action upon the diseases for which it is recommended. In short, Hunt's Remedy cures when everything else fails.

MRS. FLAVIA A. THRALL, M. D.
Poquonock, Conn., May 31, 1883.

THE birth rate in England is thirty three per 1,000 and the death rate twenty per 1,000.

"Enjoy Your Life"

Is good philosophy, but to do so you must have health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

THE Maine hay crop this year will equal 1,500,000 tons—one-half more than last year.

The only scientific iron medicine that does not produce headache, etc., but gives to the system all the benefits of iron without its bad effects, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

A FIRM in New York sells four-leaf clovers at $5 each, and has a good trade in them.

"We know Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will cure Heart Disease. Thirty years' use and many persons of prominence testifying to prove it."—*Readsville Press.* $1 per bottle.

THERE are 75,000 French people, it is said, in New York city.

POISON IN THE BLOOD

If the statement of parties who have been sufferers from disorders of the blood are to be believed, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful in eradicating poisons from the system and curing their complaints.

Paris Green

H. S. CLARK, of Glen Falls, N. Y., became so poisoned by paris green that his face broke out in pimples and blotches. He found nothing that did him any good till Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purified his blood and expelled the malignant venom.

R. BRUCE, Malden, Mass., was poisoned in his left leg, which was much swollen. Hood's Sarsaparilla reduced the swelling, expelled the poison, and Mr. Bruce again walks with ease.

After Scarlet Fever

EDWARD BASSETT'S daughter, of Chelsea, Mass., was left with lumps in her neck and partial blindness. For six or eight months at a time she could not see at all. Hood's Sarsaparilla removed the lumps from her throat and restored her eyesight.

Scrofula